



FEATURE

COMICS

AUGUST



LALA! GO
BACK UP—
I FORGOT
TO PUT
WATER
IN THE
POOL!



No. 35

10c



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The DOLLMAN

By William Erwin Maxwell



DARREL DANE AND DR. ROBERTS TAKE A SPIN THROUGH THE CITY PARK.



AS THEY TURN INTO THE DRIVEWAY, THEY ARE GREETED BY WILD YELLS.



YOU WERE RIGHT! LOOK WHO'S HERE!

HEAP BIG SURPRISE, HEY, MR. DANE?

WAMPUM! YOU OLD INJUN!

OLD FELLA, YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!



FUNNY THING, DARREL, I'VE A HUNCH WE'VE GOT COMPANY AT HOME.

CRYSTAL GAZER, EH, DOCTOR?



WAMPUM HEAP BIG OIL MAGNATE! ME FINDUM BLACK OIL WELL ON MY LAND! PLENTY GREENBACKS STUFFUM POCKETS!

HE'S RIGHT! ONLY IT'S OUR LAND!



WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE IN THAT MAGNIFICENT TOPPER?

UGH! WAMPUM HERE FOR BIG POW-WOW!



PLENTY TO SEE IN THE BIG CITY, BOYS!...

DON'T GO TOO FAR!

ME SHOWUM BIG CITY TO WAMPUM AN' OLD FELLA!

LATER THAT AFTERNOON





DOWN AT BATTERY PARK..

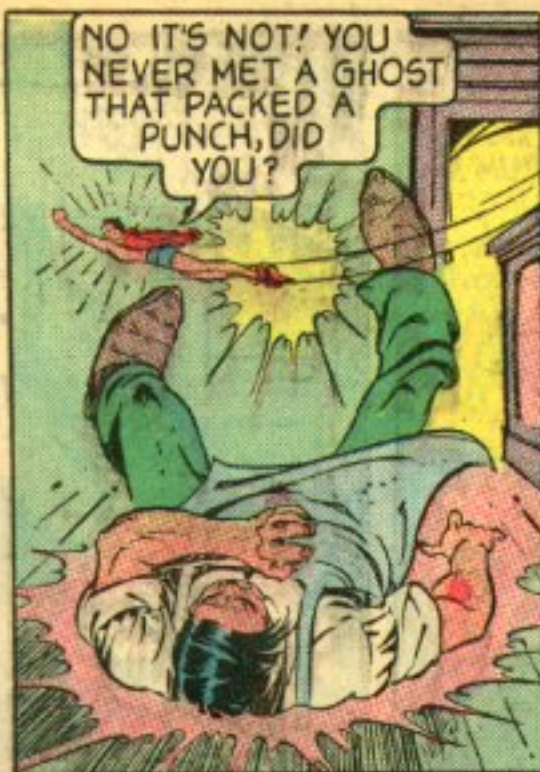






AND WHERE IS THE BLACK GULL SAILING TO?

UP TO GREENLAND! HEY, LEMME OUT! DIS PLACE IS HAUNTED!

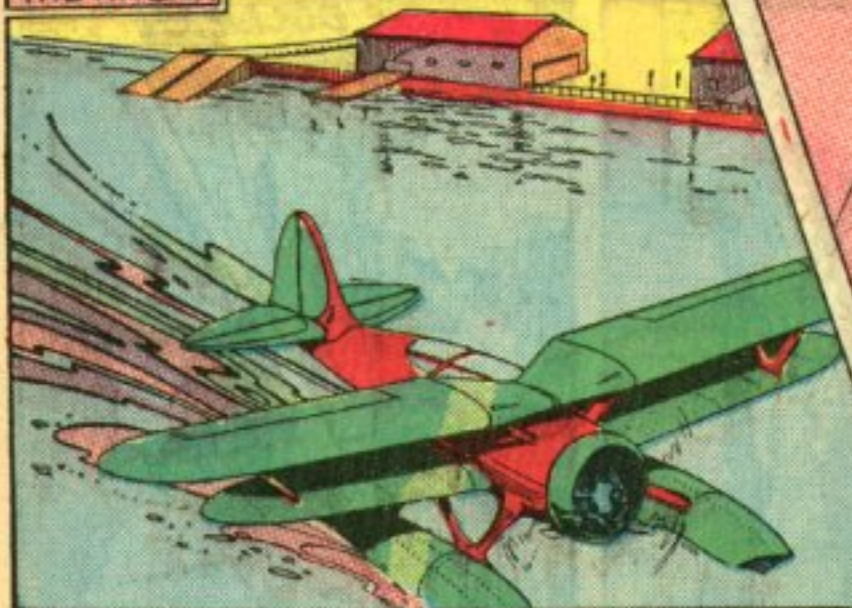


NO IT'S NOT! YOU NEVER MET A GHOST THAT PACKED A PUNCH, DID YOU?



SO, WE HAVE TO GO INDIAN HUNTING IN GREENLAND! THAT'S A NEW ONE!

AS SOON AS THE **DOLLMAN** REACHES THE AIRPORT, THE SPEEDY AMPHIBIAN CUTS A FAST SPRAY, TAKING OFF DOWN THE RIVER.



IT ZOOMS UP AND GRACEFULLY CLIMBS ABOVE THE CLOUDS.



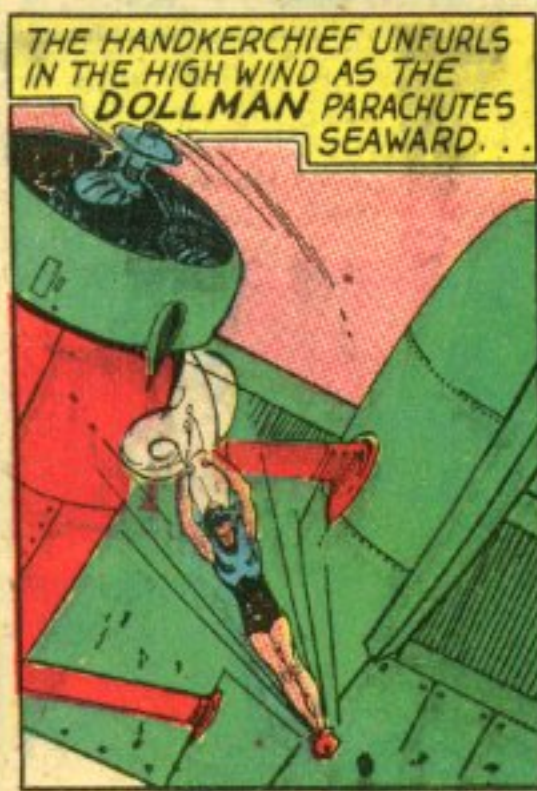
LATER... IN NORTHERN WATERS.

HERE'S THE BLACK GULL! SHE'S A WICKED LOOKING TUB ALL RIGHT!



I'LL BORROW YOUR HANDKERCHIEF, DOCTOR, IF YOU DON'T MIND!

CAREFUL, DARREL!



THE HANDKERCHIEF UNFURLS IN THE HIGH WIND AS THE **DOLLMAN** PARACHUTES SEAWARD...



MEANWHILE, THE WHALER, BLACK GULL, PLOWS THROUGH THE SLAPPING SALTY WAVES IN SEARCH OF THE GIANT SEA MAMMALS.



SUDDENLY...
WHALE
HO!



HANDS TO
STARBOARD!
BOARD THE
LAUNCH!



POOR WAMPUM RUNS INTO
DIFFICULTY.

GET A MOVE ON,
YOU BOILED
LOBSTER! HOP
TO IT!



MAYBE I BETTER
GIVE 'IM A
HELPHIN' FOOT,
CAPTAIN!

STOP
SHIVERIN',
RED SKIN.
YER ROCK-
IN' THE
BOAT!



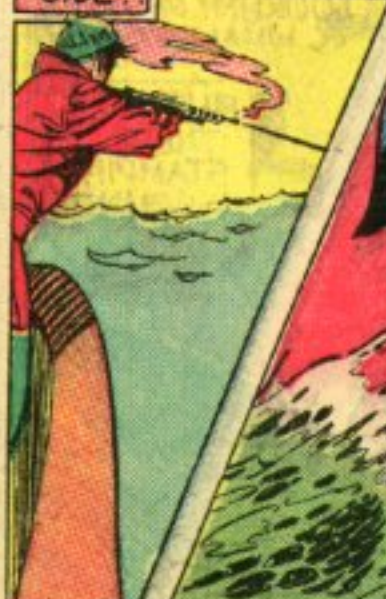
THE LAUNCH CAUTIOUSLY
NEARS THE MAMMOTH
WHALE.



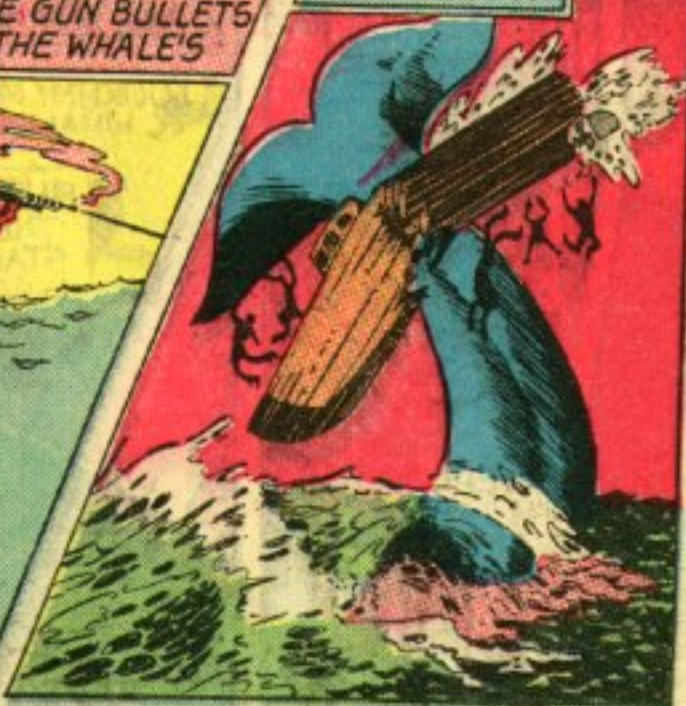
AN EXPLODING HARPOON IS
SHOT INTO THE RIBBED HIDE
OF THE HUGE MONSTER.



MODERN METHODS ARE
BROUGHT INTO ACTION.
MACHINE GUN BULLETS
SPRAY THE WHALE'S
SIDE.



BUT ONLY SERVE TO
INFURIATE IT.



SUDDENLY A
STRANGE
PAIR NEARS
THE CHURNING
BEAST.



THE DOLLMAN LEAVES HIS 'STEED' AND DIVES INTO THE CHILLY WATER.

THANKS FOR THE RIDE, PAL!



OH-OH! THERE GOES MY INDIAN!

WAMPUM IS ALMOST ENGULFED.



WHEN THE DOLLMAN SWEEPS THE MIGHTY JAWS APART WITH A SWIFT BULLET-LIKE BLOW...



HE DRAGS THE INDIAN BELOW THE WHALE'S HUGE BELLY...



AND THERE BENEATH THE WAVES, SUBDUES THE SAVAGE MAMMAL.



THE WATER-LOGGED WAMPUM IS PULLED TO "DRY LAND" ON THE MONSTER'S BACK.

UPSY DAISY!



ME SEEN' THINGS?! HEAP LITTLE LIVING MAN!



YEP! I'M THE DOLLMAN, WAMP, YOUR PAL!

THE WHALE ENTERS A SHELTERED COVE.



LOOKUM! MORE WHALES!

MUST BE THEIR STAMPING GROUND!

AS THEY CLAMBER UP THE ROCKS, WAMPUM SUDDENLY SIGHTS THE BLACK GULL.



SHIP OF EVIL MEN HEADED THIS WAY!

THE BLACK GULL DROPS ANCHOR BY THE TOWERING CLIFF, AND ITS SHORE BOAT PUTS OUT.



HEAVILY LADEN WITH MACHINE GUNS AND CASES OF DYNAMITE, THE MEN LAND ON A JUTTING HEAD ROCK.



OH OH! SO YOUR FRIENDS ARE GOING TO USE ILLEGAL WHALING METHODS, NICE BOYS!



COME ON, WAMPUM! THEY'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER!



TRAPPED, THE WHALES ARE HELPLESS AGAINST THE MERCILESS PEPPERING OF STINGING BULLETS.



ONE...TWO...

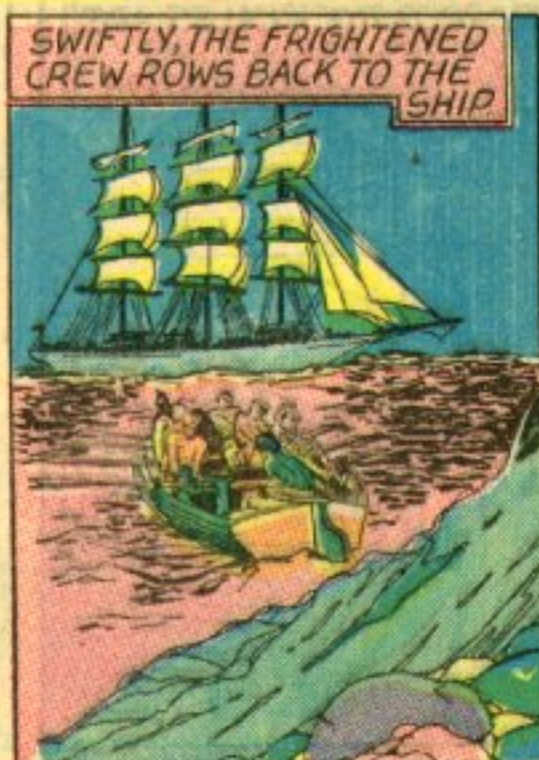


THREE...FOUR...

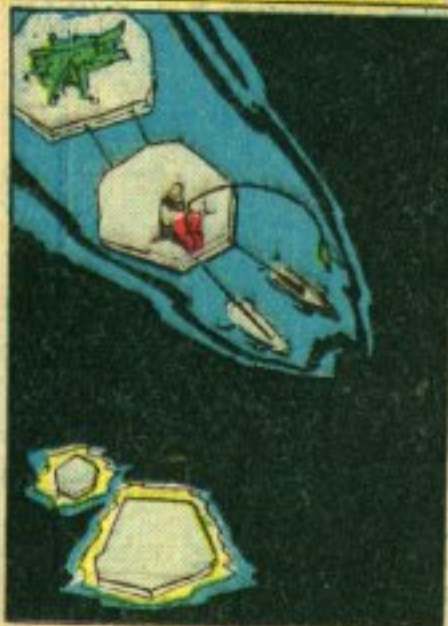


FIVE...THE WHALERS GO DOWN.





WHEN THE EXCITEMENT
DIES DOWN, AN AMAZING
PROCESSION EMERGES
FROM THE WRECKAGE.



W-W-WAMPUM
W-W-WARMER
N-N-NOW!

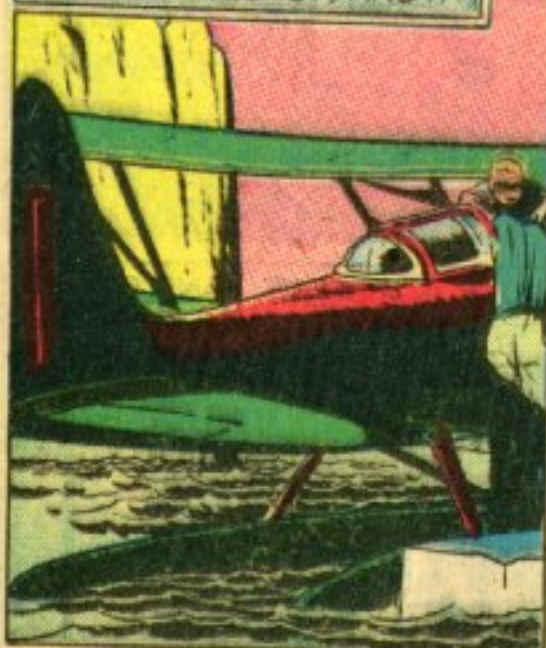


AT LAST THEY REACH DR.
ROBERTS' AMPHIBIAN.

AHOY THERE!
CIRCUS COME
TO TOWN?



PRISONERS AND PASSENGERS
SAFELY ABOARD, THE MOTORS
ARE WARMED UP, AND...



..THE PLANE LEAVES THE
FREEZING WATERS FOR
WARMER CLIMES.



ILLEGAL WHALING, EH?
GUESS WE'LL TURN
THEM OVER TO THE
PROPER
AUTHORITIES.

THAT'S
RIGHT! AS
SOON AS
WE LAND!



WELL, SIR, I SHORE
AM GRATEFUL TO
YOU FOR BRINGIN'
MY INJUN PAL
BACK SAFE AND
SOUND!

HMM...
BY THE
WAY, WHERE
IS OUR
RUSTY
FRIEND?



WAMPUM! WHAT
ARE YOU
UP TO?



ME GETTUM
USED TO HOT
WEATHER SLOW..
ME THAWUM
OUT!

WELL I'LL
BE..!



WELL, YOU
BETTER WARM
UP SOON, CHIEF
'SHIVERING
BOOTS'. YOU AND
I ARE HEADED
FOR SOME
EXCITEMENT!



RANCE KEANE

BY
WILL ARTHUR

RANCE KEANE AND PEE WEE FOUND LOLA PRITCHARD IN NEW YORK, THROUGH A LUCKY ACCIDENT. THE BOYS HAVEN'T EATEN SINCE THEY GOT TO THE BIG TOWN, SO LOLA HAS SUGGESTED THEY GO TO CHINATOWN TO EAT AND DO SOME SIGHT-SEEING AT THE SAME TIME...



THERE'S CENTRAL PARK OVER BEYOND AND RIGHT UP HERE IS THE ELEVATED, WHERE WE GO

YOU MEAN THEY'S TRAINS A-RUNNIN' WAY UP IN THE AIR LIKE THAT?



SEE, PEE WEE? THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE UP THERE ON THE TRACK... WHY KEEP ARGUING WITH ME?

DAGNABIT, RANCE, IT AIN'T NATURAL! TRAINS IN THE AIR... AND NARY A HOSS IN SIGHT FOR RIDIN' PURPOSES!

AN ELEVATOR TAKES THE THREE FRIENDS UP TO THE ELEVATED PLATFORM, AND THEY CATCH THE NEXT TRAIN GOING DOWN-TOWN...



WHERE'S THIS PLACE WE'RE GOING TO EAT, LOLA - THIS CHINATOWN?

ABOUT SIX MILES DOWN TOWN. IT'S THE HONG KONG RESTAURANT.

MY, THAT SOUNDS WONDERFUL!



YOU SURE THIS IS SAFE WHERE WE'RE GOING, LOLA? RANCE STILL HAS ALL THAT CASH YOUR FATHER SENT YOU IN HIS MONEY BELT, YA KNOW!

I WOULDN'T WORRY, PEE WEE. I'VE BEEN DOWN THERE ALONE SEVERAL TIMES AND I'VE ALWAYS FOUND THEY'RE VERY NICE PEOPLE!

THE ELEVATED TRAIN HAS HARDLY PULLED OUT OF THE 110TH STREET STATION WHEN.....



LOOK AT PEE WEE, LOLA! HE'S ALL TUCKERED OUT!

AND SOUND ASLEEP!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, PEE WEE LOOKS UP WITH A START AND SEES A STRANGE LOOKING MAN STANDING IN THE AISLE OF THE TRAIN.....



I HONG KONG, THE GREAT MANDARIN! COME WITH ME... PLEASE!



FOLLOW PLEASE! I TAKEE YOU TO VELLY FINE EAT PLACE!

THAT'S RIGHT NICE OF YOU, PARTNER! STIR A FOOT THERE, RANCE! BRING LOLA AND LET'S GO... I'M STARVED!



THAT \$50,000
IN YOUR MONEY
BELT GIVES ME THE
JITTERS, RANCE!

OH, RELAX,
PEE WEE!



THE RESTAURANT IS DOWN A
NARROW LITTLE STAIRWAY....

RANCE, IT'S TOO
SPOOKY DOWN THERE!
I AIN'T GOIN' DOWN!

RANCE AND
LOLA FINALLY
PERSUADE
PEE WEE TO
GO INTO THE
RESTAURANT



HERE COME CHOP
SUEY...HOPE YOU
LIKEE!

LAY IT ON THE TABLE
WHERE WE CAN GET AT
IT, HOMBRE! I COULD
EAT A PAIRFUL OF IT
RIGHT NOW!



TO PEE WEE'S
UTTER DISGUST,
RANCE PULLS
OFF HIS MONEY
BELT AND TAKES
OUT LOLA'S
\$50,000.....



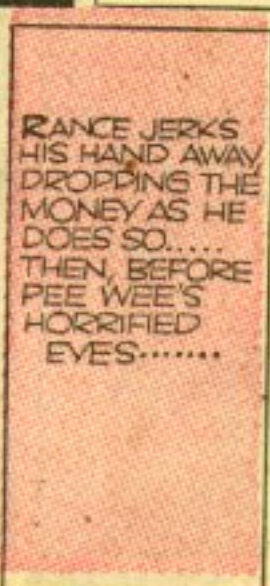
BY THE WAY,
LOLA, HERE IS
THE MONEY
YOUR FATHER
ASKED ME TO
BRING YOU...



JUST THEN, HONG KONG COMES UP
WITH A POT OF TEA AND.....

YOU LIKEE POT
OF PLENTY HOT,
STEAMING TEA?

OW! YOU'RE
POURING IT
ALL OVER MY
HAND! OW!



RANCE JERKS
HIS HAND AWAY
DROPPING THE
MONEY AS HE
DOES SO.....
THEN, BEFORE
PEE WEE'S
HORRIFIED
EYES.....

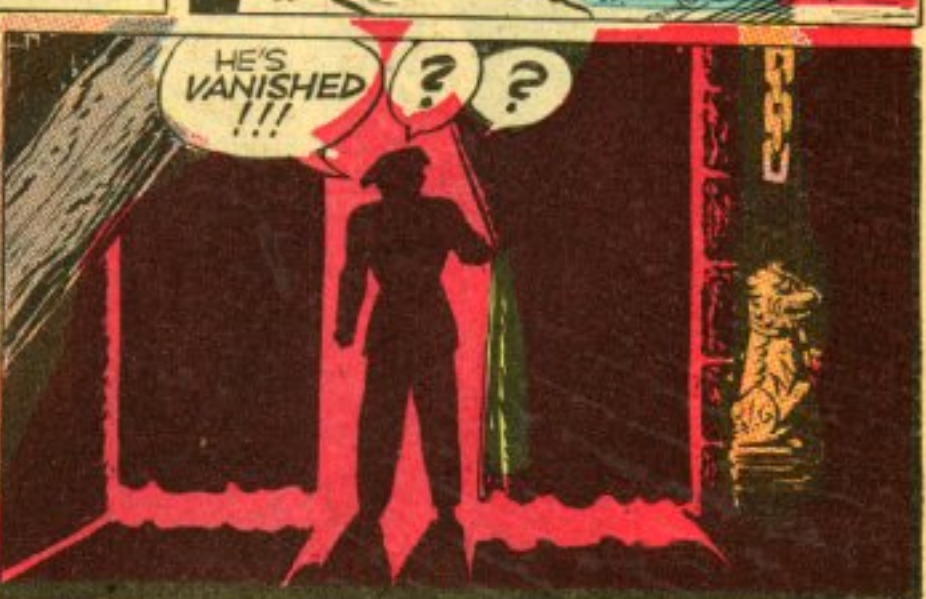


MUCHEE
MONEY!
GOOD
STUFF!

THE CHINESE
TAKING LOLA'S
MONEY, RANCE!
I TOLD YOU!

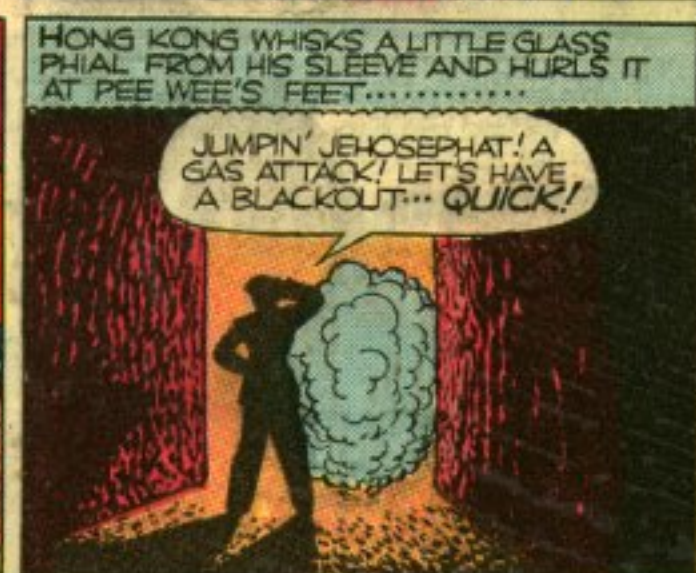


I'LL CORRAL HIM,
RANCE! THERE
HE GOES BEHIND
THAT CURTAIN!



HE'S
VANISHED
!!!

??



WHEN PEE WEE LOOKS AROUND HE FINDS HIMSELF ALONE... HONG KONG AND HIS PRISONERS HAVE VANISHED! HE TRIES TO THINK WHAT RANCE WOULD DO IN A JAM LIKE THIS.... AND THEN, AHA! AN IDEA!



THEIR CAPTORS DONE AWAY WITH LOLA AND RANCE COME OUT THROUGH AN OPENING IN THE WALL....



DOGGONE THE LUCK! AND PEE WEE WAS FIGURING HIMSELF A HERO! OH WELL, MAYBE HE'LL GET A CHANCE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF.....

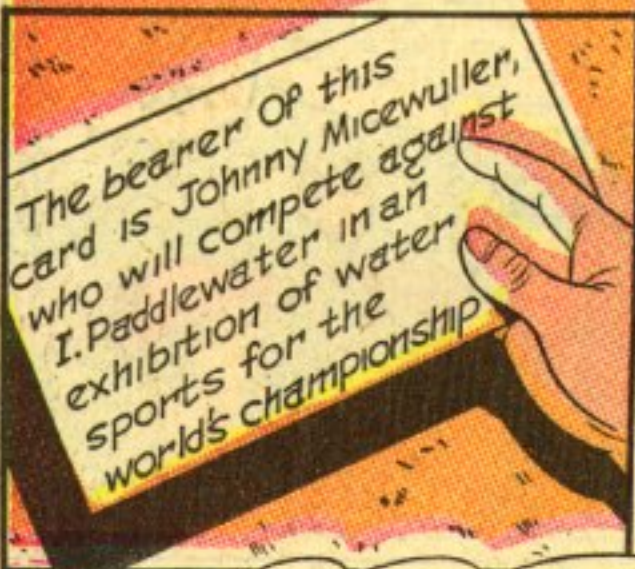
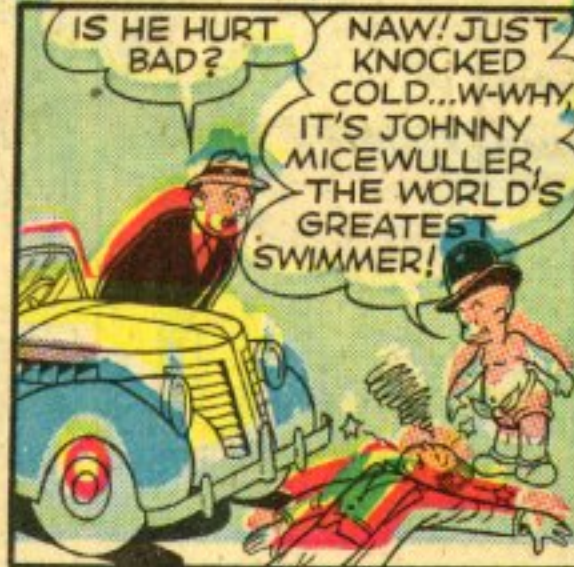
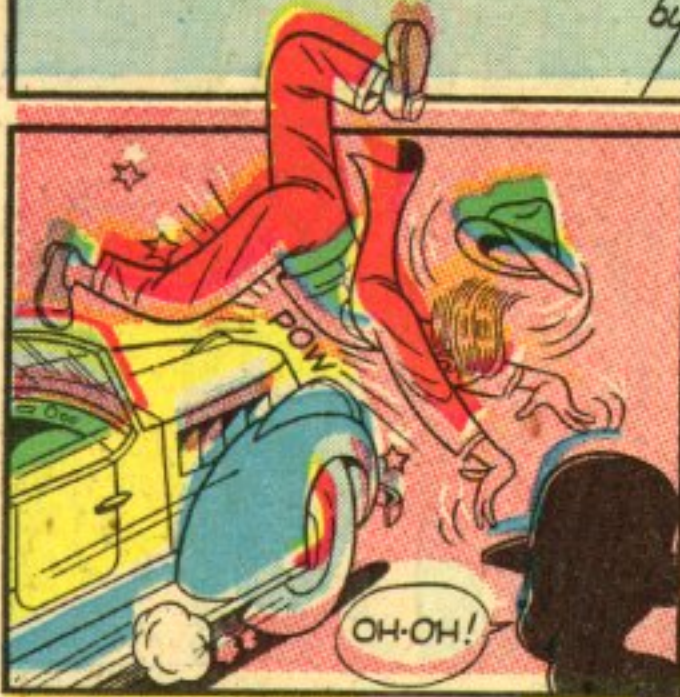
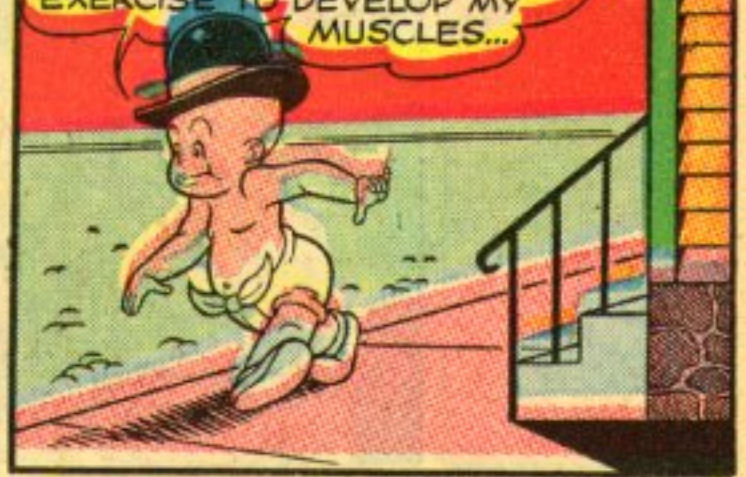
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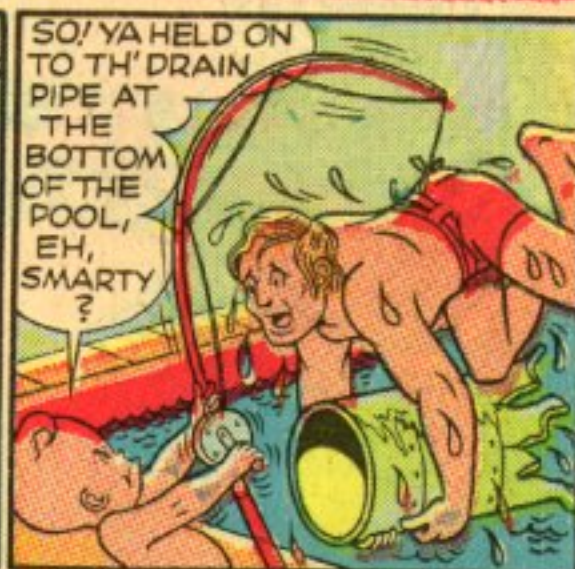
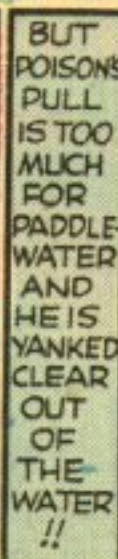
POISON IVY

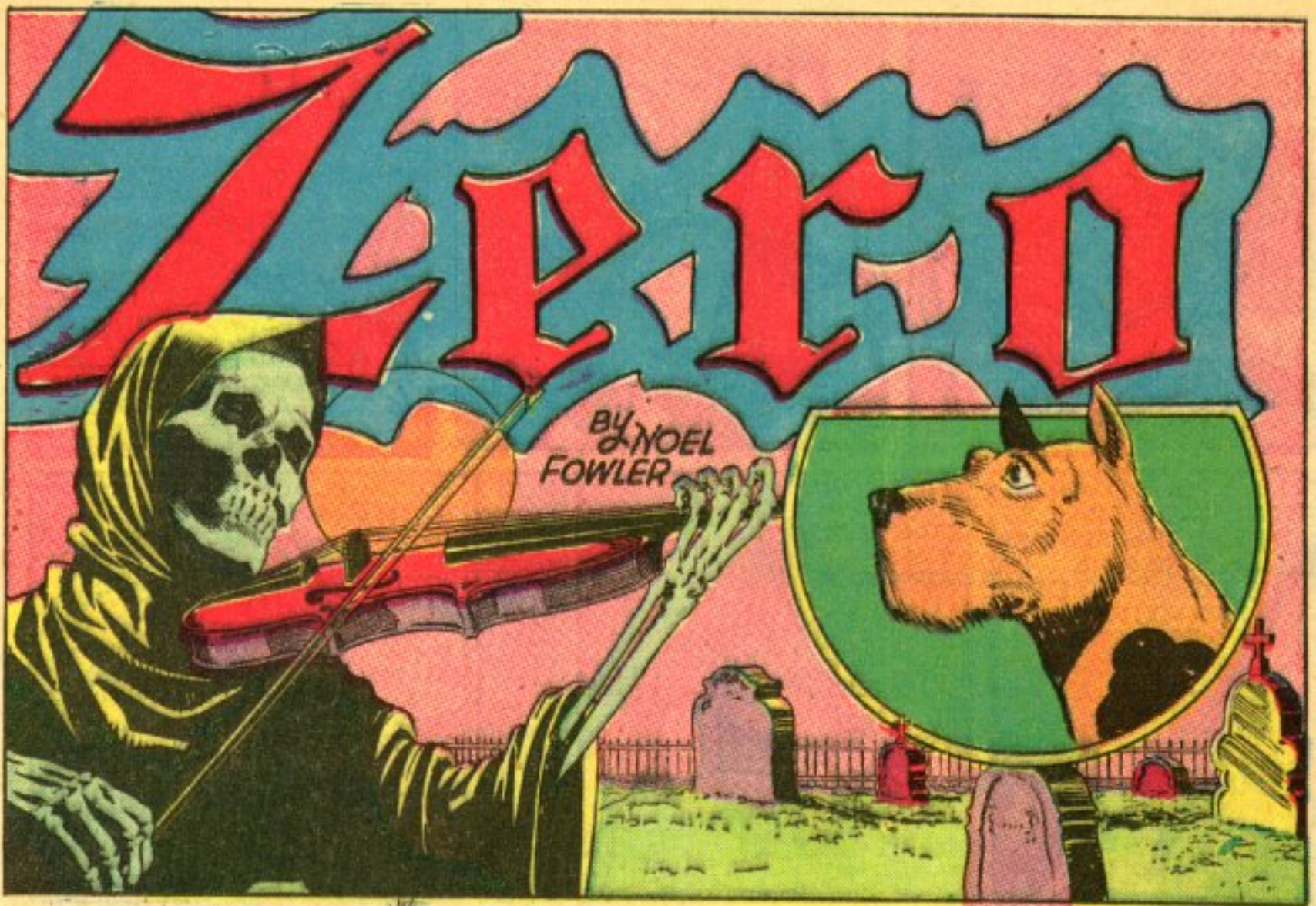
THE MIGHTY MITE

by GILL FOX

THE TROUBLE WITH ME IS, I AIN'T GETTIN' ENOUGH EXERCISE TO DEVELOP MY MUSCLES...







ONE MOONLIT NIGHT FINDS ZERO WALKING THROUGH A LONELY STREET OF A SMALL SUBURBAN TOWN...



THAT LITTLE MUTT'S BEEN FOLLOWING ME FOR BLOCKS!



GO ON HOME, FELLA! GO ON!



COME ON, BOY... GO CHASE IT!



THE DUD PAUSES A MOMENT...



AND THEN BOUNDS AFTER THE DEPARTING ZERO...





SUDDENLY THE WEIRD DANCE IS HALTED. THE FIGURES, BREAKING RANK, FILE SLOWLY FROM THE CEMETERY. . . .



HEADING FOR A NEARBY HOUSE THEY FLOAT INTO THE AIR, AND ENTER A WINDOW.



THEY'RE COMING OUT! WHAT'S THAT THEY'RE CARRYING?



IT IS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE ARMS OF A HIDEOUS SKELETON!



THE LIVING PREY IS CARRIED BACK TO THE EERIE GRAVEYARD. . . .



AND LOWERED INTO A YAWNING PIT! ZERO WATCHES AS THE DOG GROWLS. . . .



SUDDENLY ZERO DASHES INTO THEIR MIDST!



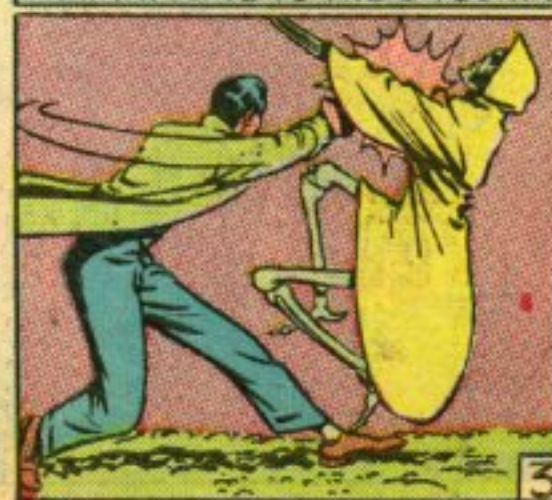
HIS FISTS CUT AND BLEED AS HE CONTACTS THEIR BONY FRAMES.



WITH A SUPREME EFFORT, ZERO BREAKS THE IRON CLUTCH!



AND SENDS HIS WEIRD OPPONENT RATTLING TO THE GROUND.



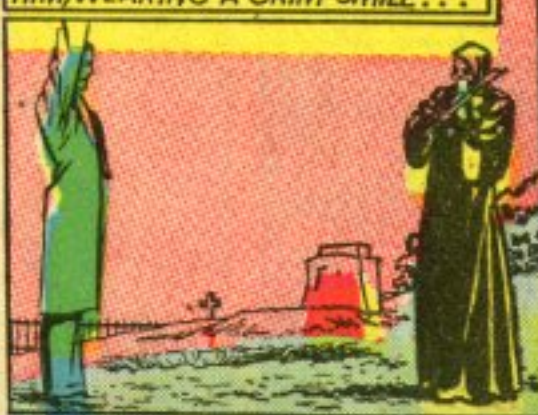
LIFTING THE LOOSE FORM ABOVE HIS HEAD...



HE IS ABOUT TO DASH IT INTO AN OPEN GRAVE, WHEN...



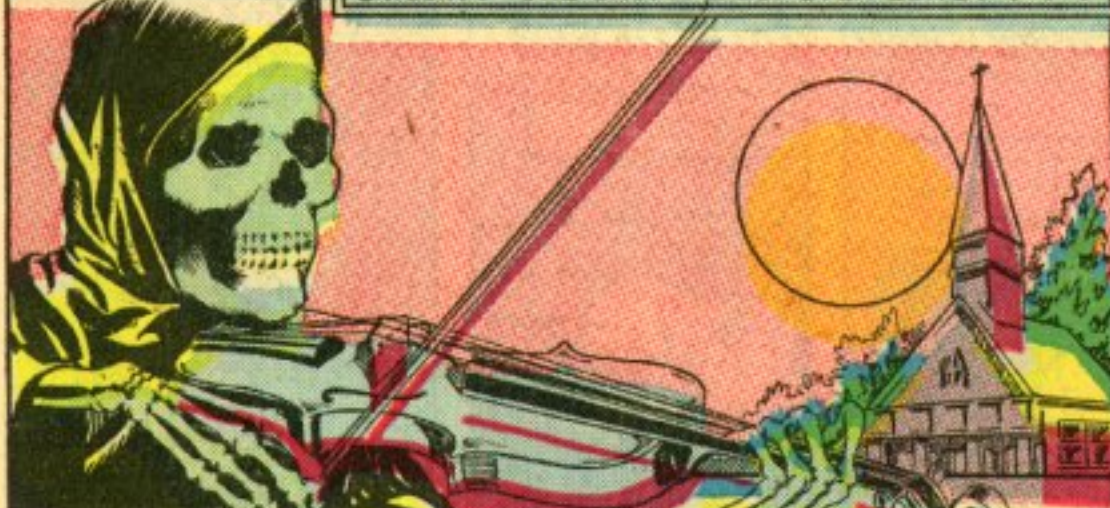
A GHASTLY FIGURE CONFRONTS HIM, WEARING A GRIM SMILE...



HE DROPS HIS BURDEN AND STANDS DAZED AND HELPLESS.



THE FATAL FIDDLER DRAWS HIS BOW, AND THE THIN STRAINS OF A BLOOD-CHILLING TUNE CAST A SPELL OVER ZERO...



WHILE THE WEIRD FIDDLER'S COMPANY MAKES ZERO ITS PRISONER...



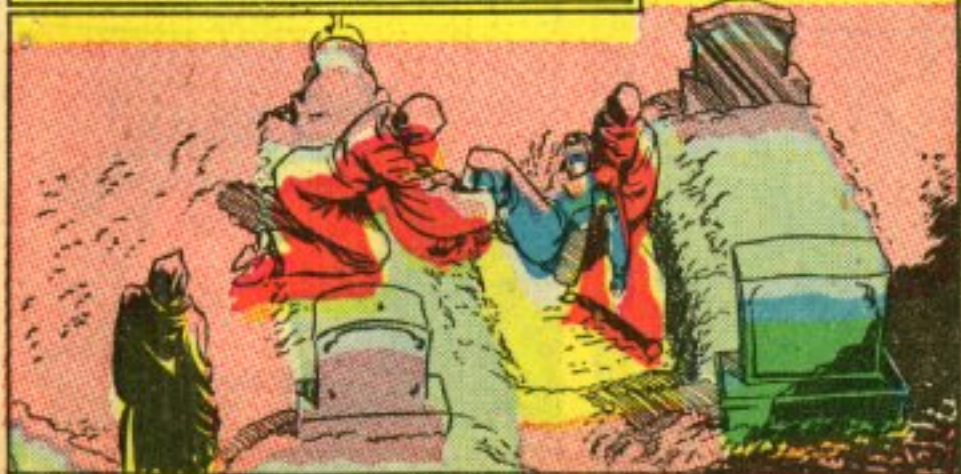
GO ON WITH YOUR WORK!



ONCE MORE THE LOVELY GIRL IS LIFTED BY THE STIFF, COLD ARMS.



ONCE MORE, HER STILL BREATHING BODY IS PLACED IN THE GAPING MOUTH OF THE EARTH....



BUT THE LITTLE DOG HAS NOT FALLEN UNDER THE SPELL OF THE VIOLIN...



WITH A SWIFT SPRING



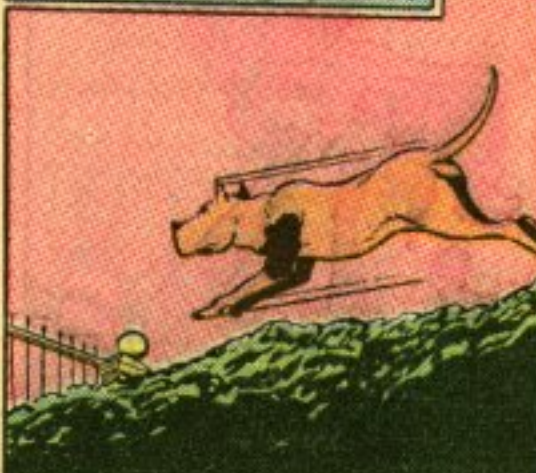
HE TEARS AT THE FIDDLER'S ROBE.



BUT...



SUDDENLY, HE TURNS AND STREAKS OUT OF THE CEMETERY...



HE BOUNDS INTO A NEIGHBORING FARMYARD...



AND ENTERS THE CHICKEN HOUSE!



BARKING LOUDLY, HE STARTS A CLAMOR OF FRIGHTENED CACKLING...



AND THE COCK CROWS...



THE PIERCING SOUND OF THE CROWING HERALD OF DAWN REACHES THE FIGURES IN THE GRAVE YARD!



BACK TO THEIR RESTING PLACES THEY GO, AND THE SPELL IS BROKEN!



AS ZERO HELPS THE GIRL OUT OF THE GRAVE, THE DOG RETURNS...



AND THE DOG?

HE'S BEEN MY PET FOR YEARS! BUT HE DISAPPEARED MONTHS AGO AND I THOUGHT HE HAD DIED!



SUDDENLY...



YOU WERE RIGHT, YOUR LITTLE DOG HAS DIED, BUT HE RETURNED TO PROTECT YOU!



ANOTHER THRILLING GHOST ADVENTURE WITH ZERO IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF FEATURE COMICS

REYNOLDS

OF THE

MOUNTED

ART
Pinsjan

UP THE COAST OF WESTERN CANADA
COMES A POWERFUL SEA DORY
CARRYING SERGEANT REYNOLDS....



THAT NIGHT REYNOLDS TALKS TO CAP BENSON AND BETTY, HIS DAUGHTER...



I'M DOING ALL I CAN, CAP... ALL FOREST RANGERS ARE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR HIM!!



LATER...
HMM... SURE IS FUNNY WHAT'S HAPPENED TO TIM... I WONDER IF CRANE IS REALLY HERE FOR FISHING--AND AS TO KEMP, I CAN'T SEEM TO TRUST HIM EITHER!



SAY—WHAT'S THAT LYING IN THE ROAD?... GREAT SCOTT—IT'S A MAN!



IT'S PHILIP KEMP! HE SEEMS TO BE HURT....



SUDDENLY SEVERAL FIGURES EMERGE FROM THE BUSHES...



FIGHTING DESPERATELY, THE MOUNTIE DROPS, AS A BLOW FELS HIM FROM BEHIND....



HA-HA! HE "FELL" FOR IT... TAKE HIM TO THE CABIN, BOYS!



WHEN REYNOLDS COMES TO...

WHAT A SAP!... FALLING FOR THAT OLD TRICK... OH-OH—SOMEONE'S COMING IN THROUGH THE WINDOW—WONDER WHY!



I'M CUTTING YOU LOOSE, MOUNTIE... CLIMB OUT THE WINDOW AND HEAD FOR BENSON'S HOUSE—THERE'S GOING TO BE TROUBLE THERE!



COULDN'T SEE WHO THAT WAS... TOO DARK IN THERE! IF SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN AT BENSON'S I'VE GOT TO BE THERE!!







MEANWHILE, IN CAPTAIN CRANE'S CABIN...



I KNOW OF SEVERAL FOREIGN AGENTS WHO WILL PAY US PLENTY FOR THESE MAPS... HA-HA!!



SUDDENLY CRANE WHIPS OUT A GUN...



BUT THE MOUNTIE FAILED TO STOP YOU FROM GETTING THE MAPS!!



LIKE A FLASH, KEMP LEAPS AT CRANE...



BUT CRANE COMES BACK WITH A SMASHING BLOW!



AS CRANE PICKS UP HIS GUN...



HEARING FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM, CRANE WHIRLS AROUND...



BETTY—AND TIM!..... THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE BOTH SAFE!!



SO CRANE KIDNAPPED YOU AS YOU STARTED OUT ON A HIKE --



AS FOR YOU, KEMP—ALTHOUGH YOU GOT OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT, I'LL GIVE YOU A FRESH START WITH MY RIGHT ONE -- GET ALONG NOW!

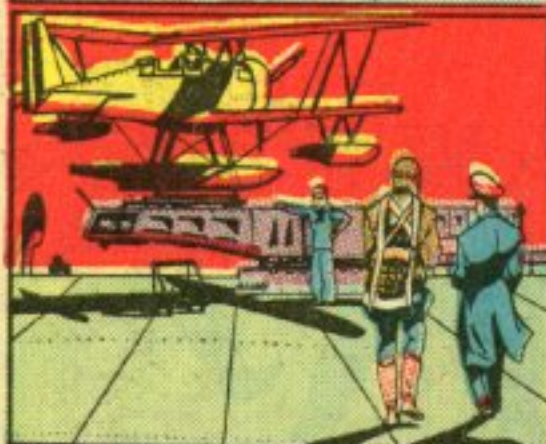


SPIN SHAW

By Rex Smith

OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS

THE NAVY SENDS SPIN SHAW TO INVESTIGATE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MAJOR HOLLIS, EXPLORER.



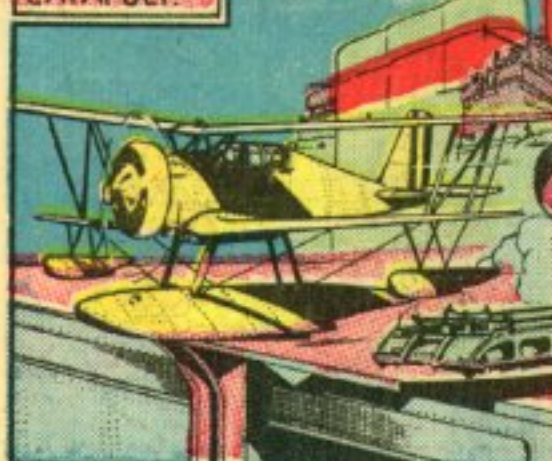
I'LL LAND THREE HUNDRED MILES UP THE RIVER AMAZON AND LOOK FOR THE VILLAGE WHERE HOLLIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE! I UNDERSTAND THE NATIVES THERE ARE PRETTY FIERCE CUSTOMERS!



I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH THEM. BY THE WAY, I PUT A MEDICINE KIT IN YOUR SHIP-THE RED RINGED VIALS ARE FOR YELLOW FEVER, WHICH YOU MAY NEED FOR THE MAJOR!



SIGNALLING 'ALL CLEAR' TO THE GOBS, SPIN IS SHOT FROM THE CATAPULT.



ROARING OVER THE DENSE JUNGLE HE FOLLOWS THE WINDING AMAZON INTO THE INTERIOR.



THIS LOOKS LIKE THE SPOT. I'LL LAND AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND!



IS GREAT BIRD OF WHITE MEN-COME! WE TAKE HIM TO MEDICINE MAN!



HELLO! LOOKS LIKE A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!



OH! OH! THESE BABIES DON'T LOOK VERY FRIENDLY!

I'M LOOKING FOR A WHITE MAN-WHERE IS HE?

GUESS THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND.





GUARDING SPIN CLOSELY THE SAVAGES TAKE HIM TO SHORE AND FORCE HIM INTO THE JUNGLE



OVER AN OBSCURE PATH, THEY LEAD HIM TO A SMALL VILLAGE OF BAMBOO HUTS.



THAT'S RIGHT! WHO'S THAT OTHER MAN LYING IN THERE?



WE MAKE YOU SACRIFICE FOR CHIEF, YOU DIE, CHIEF LIVE! THE GODS ARE GOOD!



ANTZEC AGREE AND GIVE YOU TWENTY FOUR HOURS! IF YOU FAIL YOU DIE!



SENDING FOR HIS MEDICINE KIT, SPIN PREPARES THE YELLOW FEVER ANTI-TOXIN.



THERE! SATISFIED?



I'VE GIVEN THE CHIEF A SHOT! NOW FOR THE MAJOR... AND TO WAIT FOR THE RESULTS!



SEEMS I READ SOMEWHERE THAT A SHOT OF THE ANTI-TOXIN WILL PREVENT A PERSON FROM GETTING DRUNK, NO MATTER HOW MUCH HE DRINKS! OH WELL-



SITTING UP ALL NIGHT TO WATCH HIS PATIENTS, SPIN IS REWARDED BY THEIR RAPID RECOVERY. BEFORE DAWN, ANTZEC ENTERS...



YOU TIRED - I BRING WATER-DRINK!

WELL - MAYBE YOU'RE NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL, CHUM!



HEH! HEH! DRINK, FOOL! SOON, THE DRUG I HAVE PUT IN THE WATER WILL PUT YOU TO SLEEP AND THEN-



HOOO...HUM...GEE, I'M SLEEPY..



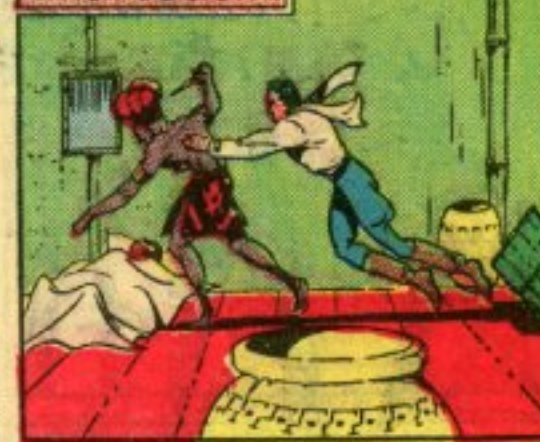
NOW TO KILL THE CHIEF AND BLAME IT ON WHITE MAN!



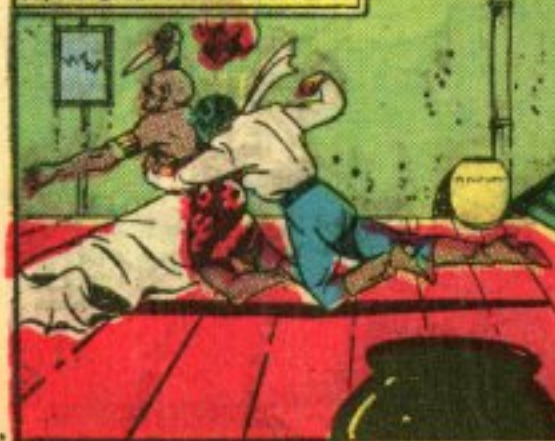
COUNTERACTED BY THE ANTI-TOXIN, THE DRUG HAS NO EFFECT ON SHAW, AND HE QUICKLY WAKES



LEAPING FROM HIS CHAIR, SPIN DIVES AT THE MURDEROUS WITCH DOCTOR



AS ANTZEC IS ABOUT TO PLUNGE HIS KNIFE INTO THE CHIEF'S BODY, SHAW LANDS ON HIS BACK - AND KNOCKS HIM DOWN.



YOU VILLAINOUS RAT! TRY TO DRUG ME AND MURDER YOUR CHIEF, WILL YOU!?



I'LL BREAK YOUR SCRAWNY NECK!





DESPERATELY, SPIN BATTLES HIS ATTACKERS, HIS HARD FISTS LANDING WITH ACCURACY...



THE UNFAIR FIGHT IS SOON OVER, WITH SPIN A SEETHING CAPTIVE...



LASHED TO A STOUT POLE, SPIN IS FACED BY THREE CRACK BOWMEN. SILENTLY THEY WAIT FOR ANTZEC'S COMMAND.



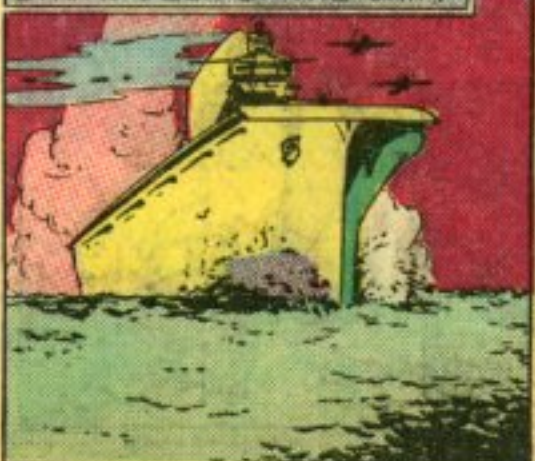
STOP SPOUTING AND GET IT OVER WITH!



MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE AIR-CRAFT CARRIER.



MINUTES LATER, THREE LIGHT BOMBING PLANES ZOOM OFF THE BROAD DECK OF THE SHIP.



THROTTLES WIDE OPEN, THEY ROAR TO SPIN'S LAST REPORTED POSITION





SWOOPING LOW, THE PLANE'S GUNNER RELEASES A BOMB.



THEY'RE RUNNING LIKE SCARED RABBITS, BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO SET SPIN FREE?



FOILED AGAIN, EH, GOLDBLOCKS?



YOU ARE DEVIL! YOU BRING EVIL-I KILL!



AWAKENED BY THE EXPLOSION, MAJOR HOLLIS GAZES DAZEDLY ABOUT THE DIM ROOM.



GLANCING OUT THE DOOR, HOLLIS SEES ANTZEC AIM HIS SPEAR AT SPIN.



GRABBING A HIDDEN GUN AT HIS SIDE, HOLLIS CRAWLS TOWARD THE DOOR WAY...



AS ANTZEC IS ABOUT TO THRUST HIS SPEAR, HOLLIS FIRES.



HOLD TIGHT, YOUNG FELLA! I'LL GET YOU FREE IN A MINUTE!



STAGGERING TO THE STAKE, THE MAJOR FUMBLES WITH THE BONDS



HE'S FAINTED! I'VE GOT TO GET HIM AWAY FROM HERE FAST!!



HERE COME THE PLAYMATES AGAIN- MY CUE FOR A HASTY EXIT!



HIS BURDEN WEIGHING HIM DOWN, SPIN IS SOON OVERTAKEN BY THE SAVAGES.



HEY, LOOK! SPIN IS IN HOT WATER AGAIN! DIVE-QUICK!



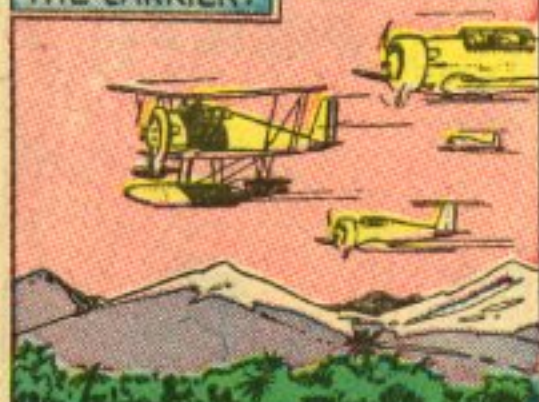
THAT FIXES THE LITTLE DARLIN'S!



REACHING THE SHORE, SPIN PADDLES OUT TO HIS PLANE IN A NATIVE WAR CANOE.



AFTER PLACING MAJOR HOLLIS IN THE FRONT COCKPIT, SHAW TAKES OFF AND SPEEDS FOR THE CARRIER.



AH-HOME SWEET HOME!



A WEEK LATER, THE OFFICERS AND CREW ARE ASSEMBLED ON THE SHIP'S DECK.

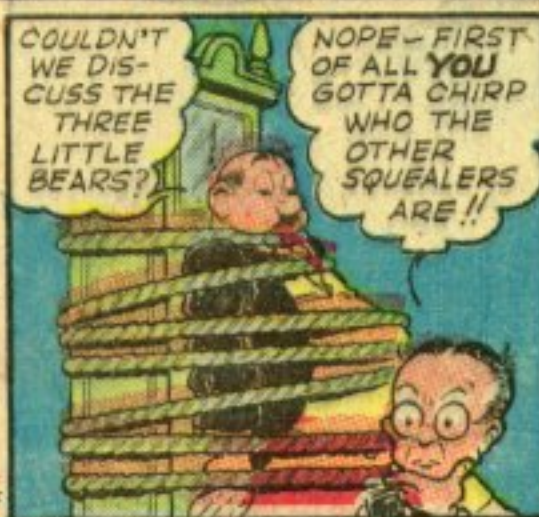
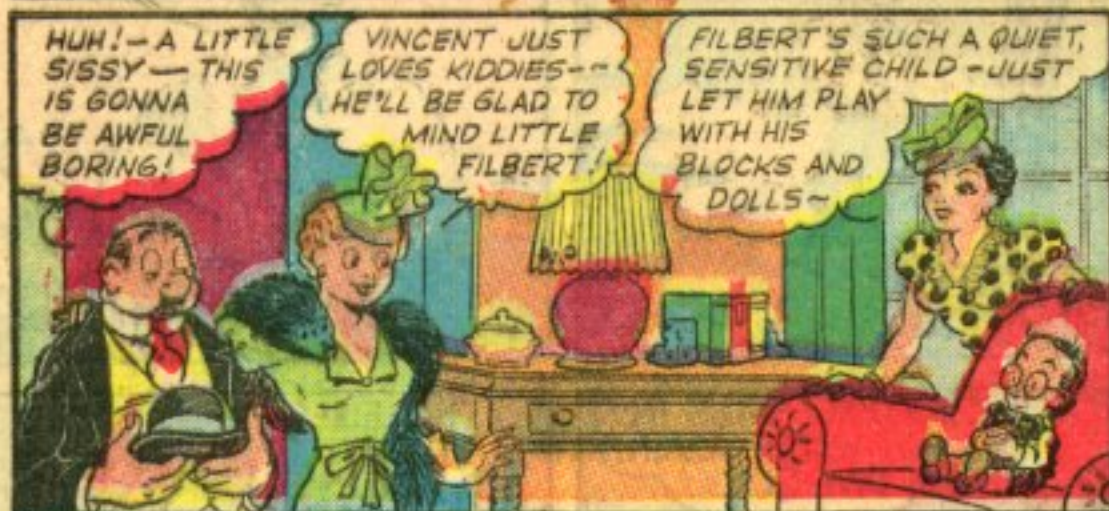


CAPTAIN SHAW, FOR YOUR HEROIC WORK IN THE RESCUE OF MAJOR HOLLIS, I AM PLEASED TO BESTOW ON YOU THE MEDAL OF HONOR!



Calda Palooza

ALL I'M ASKING YOU TO DO IS MIND LITTLE FILBERT WHILE HIS MOTHER GOES TO A BRIDGE PARTY WITH ME

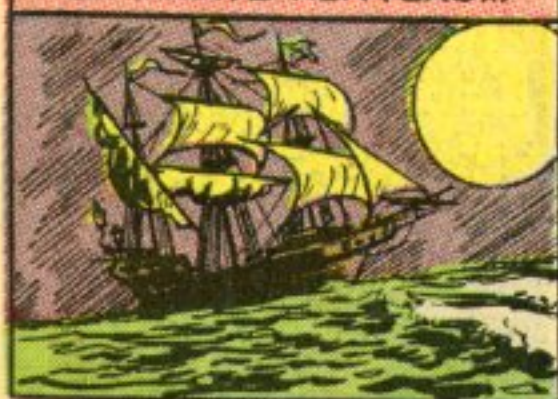


LALA PALOOZA





BENEATH A TROPICAL MOON SAILS THE "REVENGE". THE SHIP OF CAPTAIN FORTUNE AND HIS DARING CREW OF PIRATE HUNTERS...



ON THE BRIDGE OF THE REVENGE

KENTSHIRE! LOOK MATE, A SHIP SINKING!



QUICK THERE! ALL HANDS... LOWER A BOAT...



SOON A SMALL BOAT CLEAVES ITS WAY TO THE SINKING VESSEL...



HANDLE HIM EASY, MEN... THE POOR FELLOW'S BADLY HURT!



AND THE INJURED SEAMAN IS TAKEN ABOARD THE REVENGE...

HOW IS HE, KENTSHIRE?

QUITE BAD, CAPTAIN, HE WAS SHOT AND LOST A LOT OF BLOOD!



LATER...AS THE MAN REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AND SPEAKS



UGH! T'WAS A HORRIBLE GHOST SHIP..YES, A GHOST SHIP ATTACKED US, CAPTAIN AND..AND...



BUT THE MAN WEARILY FALLS BACK ON THE BUNK...





FORTUNE'S SHIP TAKES UP
THE TRAIL OF THE GHOST SHIP
.. A TRAIL OF SWASHBUCKLING
BLOODY PIRACY...

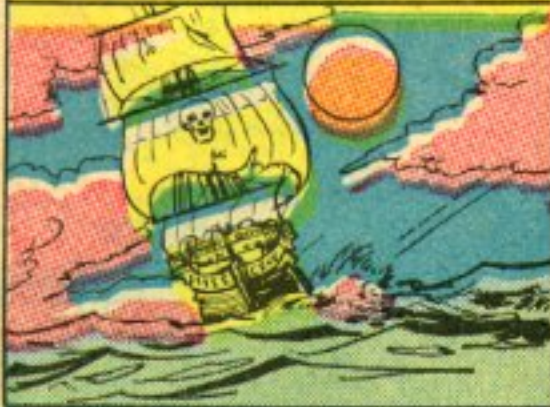
THEN, ONE STORMY NIGHT
COMES THE LONG AWAITED
CALL...

AHOY! GHOST SHIP
OFF STARBOARD
BOW!



CLEAR THE DECKS FOR
ACTION, MAN THE
STARBOARD GUNS!

FORTUNE'S ORDERS COME
NONE TOO SOON, FOR THE
MYSTERY SHIP IS NOW
BEARING DOWN ON THE
REVENGE...



NOW, BOYS! WE'LL SEE IF
THIS GHOST SHIP CAN
WITHSTAND HONEST
POWDER AND BALL.. FIRE!



THE FIRST VICIOUS REVENGE
VOLLEY SHATTERS PART
OF THE GHOST SHIP'S
RIGGING!



ABOARD THE GHOST SHIP...
BLAZES OF HADES! 'TIS
AN ARMED VESSEL WE'VE
LOCKED WITH!



THEN OVER THE SIDE,
SCUM! WE'LL BOARD YON
BEAUTY AND GIVE THEM
A SCARE!



SO INTO THE DARK WATERS
OF THE CARIBBEAN DIVE
THE PIRATES, AND STRIKE
OUT FOR THE REVENGE...



CUTLASSES FLASHING,
THE RAIDERS SWARM
OVER THE RAIL...

SLASH CLEAN, MEN!
HOLD YOUR GROUND!

FORTUNE'S BLADE ACCOUNTS FOR SEVERAL ATTACKERS.



AFTER A BLOODY COMBAT THE GHOST PIRATES ARE WIPED OUT...



PFAHH! AND THERE GOES THE LAST OF THEM!

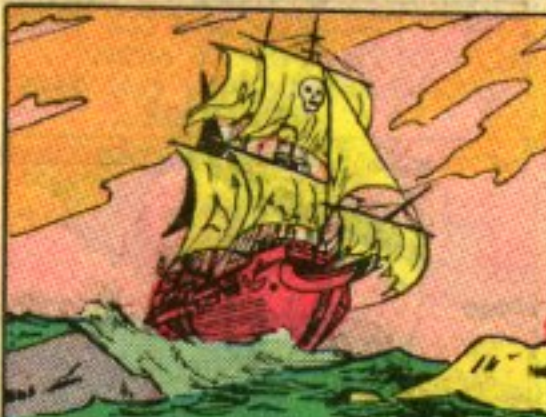
THE GHOST SHIP IS FLEEING, CAPTAIN!

AFTER HER! SHE MUSTN'T ESCAPE!



AH! HEADING TOWARD THE MAIN LAND... WE'RE BOUND TO RUN HER DOWN NOW!

AYE! AND SHE'LL RIP OUT HER BOTTOM ON THE REEFS!



AND STRAIGHT INTO THE MAD WAVES OF THE REEFS SAILS THE PIRATE GHOST SHIP...

WHAT? WHY, SHE SAILS THROUGH THE REEFS SAFELY-SHE'S FOUND A CHANNEL!

BUT WE CANNOT FOLLOW.. WE DON'T KNOW THIS PASSAGEWAY, KENTSHIRE!



BUT THE REVENGE SAILS AROUND THE REEFS... FORTUNE PICKS UP THE TRAIL AND THE CHASE IS RESUMED...



THEY NOW HAVE A GOOD START ON US, BUT...

THE PIRATE SHIP TAKES REFUGE IN A SECLUDED LAGOON...

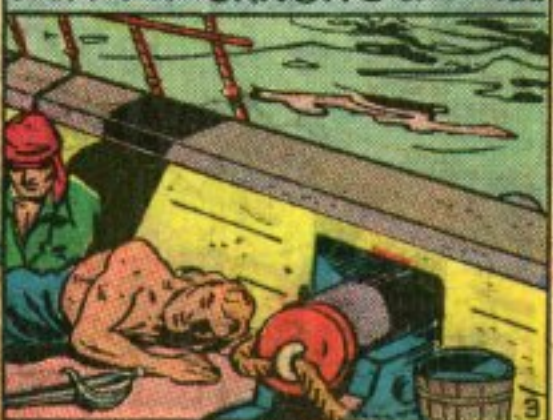


HMM...NOW WE HAVE THEM TRAPPED, MATE!

AYE! BUT STILL WE MUST BLAST 'EM OUT, EH?

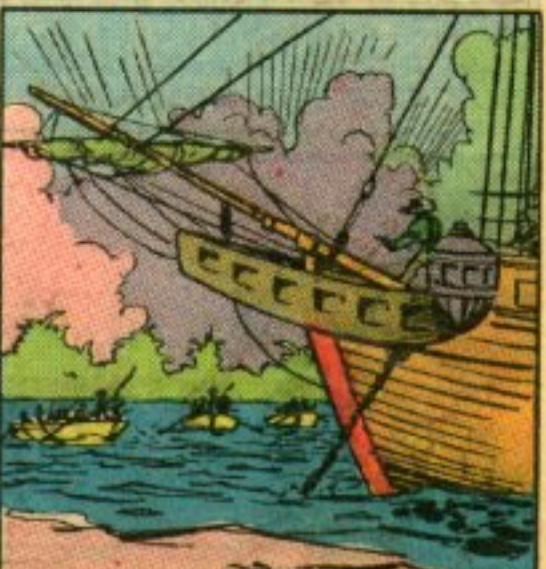


WITH NIGHTFALL, THE CREW OF THE REVENGE DOZE FRETFULLY..WAITING FOR TOMORROW'S BATTLE..



..AND WITH THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN..

AWAKE! TO ARMS! WE ARE BEING ATTACKED!



THE REVENGE'S CREW SPRINGS UP, READY FOR ACTION...

LOOK, FORTUNE! THESE PIRATES ARE COMING FROM ALL SIDES... OUR CANNON CAN'T COVER THEM!

RUSH TEN MEN TO THE POWDER MAGAZINE.. I HAVE A PLAN!



IN THE POWDER ROOM...

MEN, GET BOTTLES, JARS, ANYTHING FOR CONTAINERS... FILL THEM WITH POWDER... USE OIL SOAKED RAGS FOR FUSES... THEN COME ON DECK!

AYE, CAPTAIN!



AS THE GHOST PIRATES DRAW CLOSER, THE HOME-MADE GRENADES FLASH INTO ACTION...

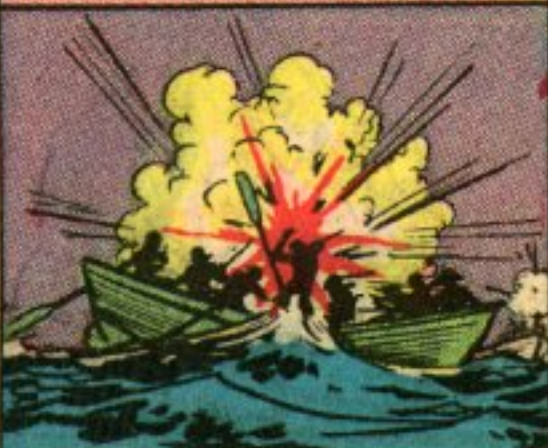
NOW...LIGHT THE FUSES WELL BEFORE YOU HEAVE THEM!



HA! PASS THIS BOTTLE AMONG YE, SCUM!



THE BURSTING BOMBS BRING HAVOC TO THE ON-COMING PIRATES...



THE FEW LUCKY MARAUDERS WHO DO REACH THE REVENGE ARE EASILY REPULSED BY FORTUNE'S MEN...

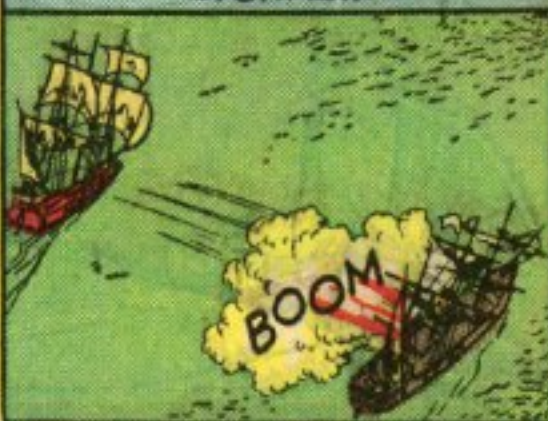


SUDDENLY THE GHOST SHIP TRIES A LAST DASH FOR FREEDOM...

SHE'S WHEELING TO ELUDE US... GUNNERS STAND BY FOR ACTION!



AS THE PIRATE CRAFT COMES ABREAST OF HIM, FORTUNE GIVES THE FIRING SIGNAL...



DIRECT HITS TEAR AWAY PART OF THE GHOST SHIP'S HULL.. SHE'S HELPLESS AND DRIFTS TO A NEARBY BEACH...



TO SHORE, MEN! CUT OFF THOSE PIRATE RATS BEFORE THEY GET INTO THE JUNGLE!



SOON A VIOLENT HAND-TO-HAND STRUGGLE TAKES PLACE.. THE REMAINING GHOST PIRATES ARE SLOWLY CUT DOWN...



A GRIM END FOR OUR GHOST FRIENDS... BUT PERHAPS PIRACY OF EVEN A WORSE SORT MAY CONFRONT US ON THE MORROW.. AND SURPRISES THAT WE DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR!



"THE VOICE"



150 YEARS AGO, A SMALL BOY AND HIS PARENTS WERE SHIPWRECKED ON A SOUTH SEA ISLAND. THE PARENTS DIED—BUT THE BOY LIVED ON, BECAUSE OF A MIRACULOUS HERB FOOD WHICH HE FOUND AND ATE—IN 1940, THIS BOY, NOW AN OLD MAN, IS RESCUED FROM THE ISLAND BY A PASSING SHIP AND BROUGHT TO NEW YORK, WHERE HE IS KNOWN AS MR. ELIXIR....

HIS SUPPLY OF HERBS BROUGHT FROM THE ISLAND FINALLY RAN LOW--TO LIVE, HE NEEDED MORE.....



I WILL MAKE THEM!



NOW, I CAN LIVE FOREVER!

..HE FOUND A WAY TO MAKE THEM BY A CHEMICAL FORMULA WHICH HE APPLIED TO PLANT LEAVES....



..AND DECIDES TO WAGE A ONE-MAN WAR AGAINST CRIME-- TO HELP THE POLICE AS AN UNKNOWN CRUSADER...

P-R-RING!



MR. ELIXIR, THIS IS TOMMY-- COME DOWNSTAIRS-- I'VE GOT A HOT TIP FOR YOU!



A MAN HAS JUST BEEN MURDERED IN APARTMENT 2-B, IN THIS BUILDING!

WHAT?



HAVE YOU CALLED THE POLICE?

YES-- THEY'RE UPSTAIRS NOW!



GOING UPSTAIRS, MR. ELIXIR INNOCENTLY INTRUDES UPON THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

ER-- WHAT'S HAPPENED?

A MAN'S BEEN SHOT-- YOU'D BETTER SCRAM!



ER-MAYBE I COULD HELP YOU SOLVE THE MURDER!

HUH? HA-HA-- GO 'WAY NOW, GRAN'PA -- 'TEND TO YOUR KNITTIN'!



TOMMY-- HAVE YOU AN EXTRA KEY TO THE DEAD MAN'S APARTMENT?

THOUGHT YOU'D WANT IT.. HERE IT IS!!

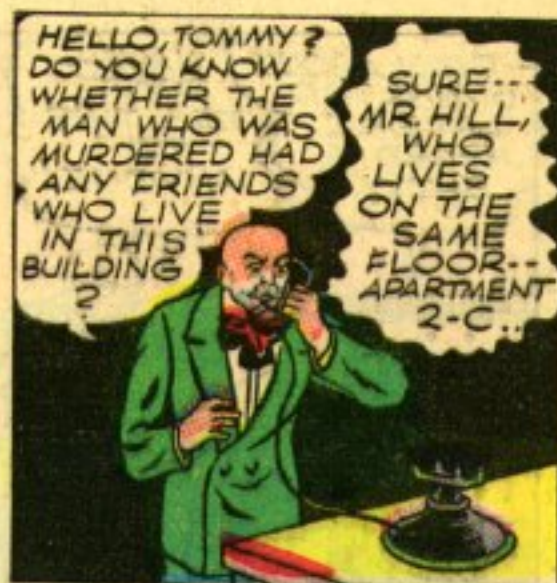
AS MR. ELIXIR RETURNS TO THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR..



DID YOU HEAR ANY SHOTS THIS EVENING, TOMMY?

ABOUT EIGHT O'CLOCK A MAN WENT PAST HERE OUTDOORS, AND---







BIG TOP



SARGE, THIS NUT SAYS A GORILLA SWIPED HIS HAT AN' COAT!

HE'S NO NUT! "GIGANTICA," THE PRIZE GORILLA, JUST ESCAPED FROM THE CIRCUS!

I WAS ON MY WAY TO MEET MY WIFE WHEN THE BEAST SET UPON ME~



MY FOOL HUSBAND WOULD BE LATE WHEN I'VE LOST MY GLASSES AND CAN'T SEE A FOOT AHEAD OF ME!

HMPH—SO THERE YOU ARE—WELL, HURRY—WE'RE LATE NOW!

TRY TO REMEMBER YOUR TABLE MANNERS AT THE PENNINGTON'S DINNER PARTY TONIGHT!

FRUITS VEGETAR

AH! HERE ARE MY GLASSES—THEY WERE IN MY PURSE ALL THE TIME—WHERE ARE YOU, PEMBROOKE?

EEEEK!

HUMOR HIM, LADY—HE SEEMS TO LIKE YA!

GET HIM ALIVE—THERE'S A BIG REWARD!

RUN THAT WAY, LADY, OVER TO THE CIRCUS LOT!

POLICE PATROL

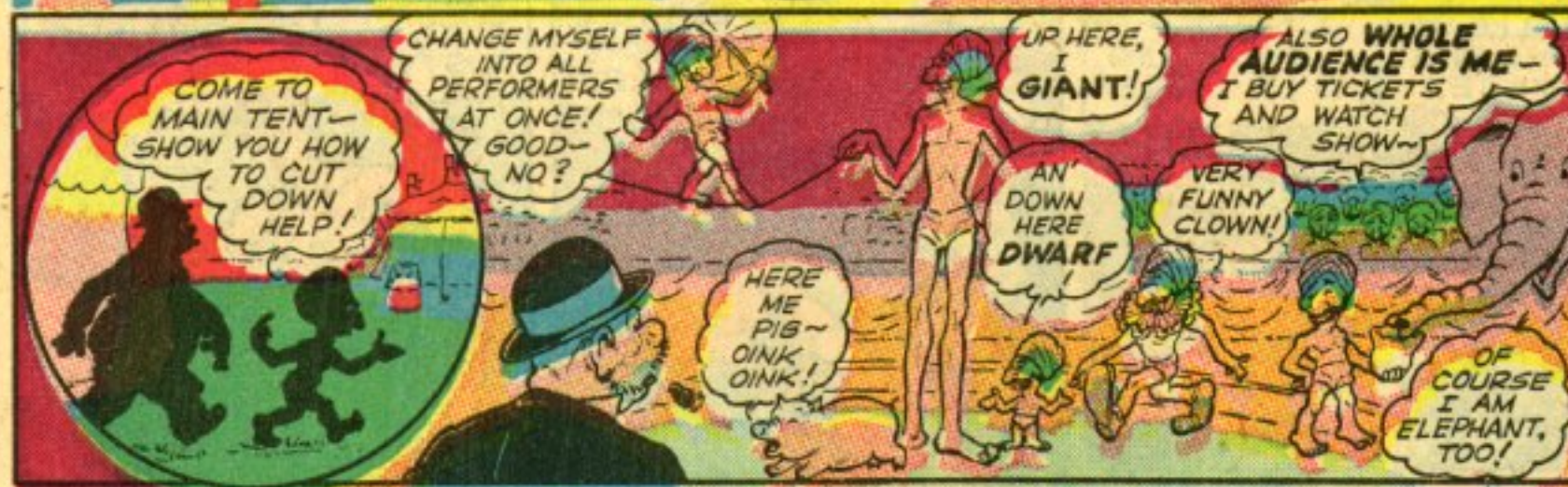
RUN RIGHT INTO THE CAGE—HE'LL FOLLOW YOU AN' WE'LL LOCK HIM IN!!

OH, PEMBROOKE, YOU'RE HERE AT LAST—GET ME OUT OF THIS CAGE, IMMEDIATELY!

SORRY, M'DEAR—I CAN'T—NOT UNTIL THE APE FALLS ASLEEP!

AND I HOPE HE HAS INSOMNIA!

BIG TOP



RUSTY RYAN

OF BOYVILLE

IT IS LATE AT NIGHT WHEN CRACKLING FLAMES AROUSE THE BOYS IN A DORMITORY AT BOYVILLE



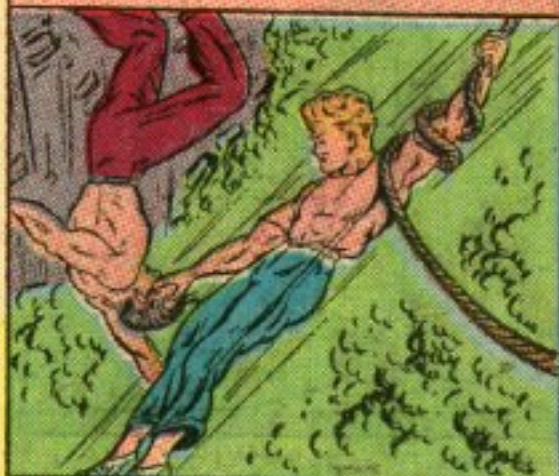
AS THE INFERNO GROWS MORE FURIOUS ABOUT JIM, RUSTY SWINGS OFF THE BUILDING WHICH ADJOINS...



RUSTY! YOU CAN'T REACH ME.. THAT WALL IS FALLING!!



HOLDING THE ROPE WITH HIS LEFT HAND, RUSTY SWEEPS PAST JIM AND GRASPS HIM..



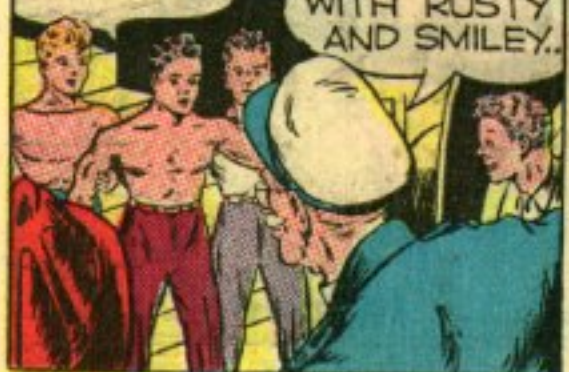
OH HH! GOOD BOY, RUSTY.. GOOD BOY!!



AS RUSTY AND SMILEY BRING JIM TO THE GROUND....

I-I'M ALL RIGHT, CAPPY JENKS... HONEST!

NOW, JIM... YOU GO TO MY OFFICE WITH RUSTY AND SMILEY..



AS RUSTY AND SMILEY ARE RETURNING FROM THE OFFICE

SAY-YOU SURE MADE A GOOD JOB OF THAT FIRE, INSPECTOR!

SMILEY! LISTEN!



...AN' WHEN I SERVE CAPPY JENKS WITH THESE PAPERS CONDEMNING THE SCHOOL AS A FIRE-TRAP, HE'LL HAVE TO SELL OUT..AN' WE CAN GRAB THE PROPERTY FOR CHICKEN FEED!



YEAH..THEN WE UNLOAD IT TO THAT MILLIONAIRE FROM NEW YORK AT A NICE PROFIT!

H-HEY--LOOK!!



A COUPLE OF KIDS LISTENING TO US!!

WE GOTTA CLOSE THEIR MOUTHS OR....



RUSTY AND SMILEY TURN TO RUN... BUT THEY DISCOVER THAT THEY ARE IN A DEAD-END COURT YARD....



AS RUSTY AND SMILEY WILDLY
LOOK FOR A MEANS OF QUICK
ESCAPE FROM THE MEN....

HELP, SOMEBODY!
HELP...HELP!!



BUT THE TWO MEN ARE
UPON THEM....



... SOON THE TWO BOYS ARE
GAGGED....



WHAT'LL
WE DO
WITH
'EM?

TH' COAST IS ALL
CLEAR... DUMP
'EM IN THE BACK
OF MY CAR!!



AND THE CAR NOW SPEEDS
AWAY FROM BOYVILLE....



WE STILL
DON'T KNOW
WHERE
WE'RE
GOIN'!

I'VE GOT IT!!
WE'LL SET 'EM
ADrift IN A
CANOE ON THE
RIVER..THE FALLS
WILL GET 'EM!



THIS IS MY CANOE,
AN' THEY STOLE
IT... WON'T THAT
BE A GOOD
STORY?

YEAH!

THE
CAR
STOPS
AT
AN
OLD
BOAT
HOUSE



SHOVE 'EM OUT, WHILE
I CHUCK THESE PADDLES
IN THE RIVER!



S'LONG, KIDS! THAT'S
FER STICKIN' YER
NOSES IN OTHER
PEOPLES
BUSINESS!!

OH!!
RUSTY..
WE'RE
DONE
FOR!



A FAST CURRENT CARRIES
THE CANOE NEARER AND
NEARER THE FALLS!



WAIT A MINUTE! WHY
DIDN'T I THINK OF
THIS BEFORE!!

W-WHAT
??

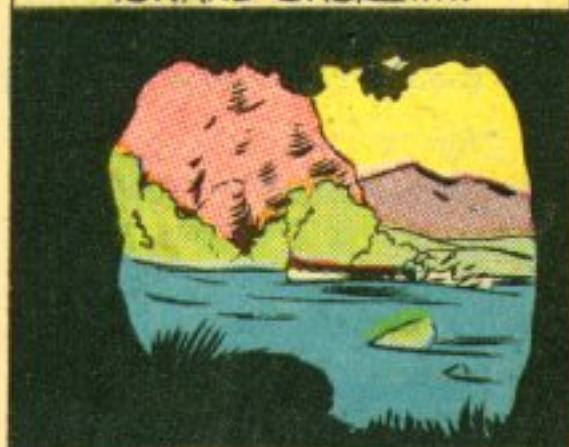


HANG OVER THE FRONT OF
THE CANOE..AND START
KICKING FOR ALL
YOU'RE WORTH!

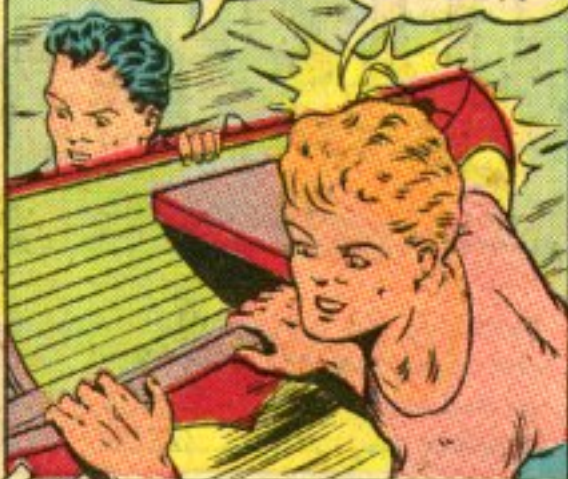
HUH?



CHURNING FURIOUSLY, RUSTY AND SMILEY SLOWLY FORCE THE CANOE FROM MIDSTREAM TOWARD SHORE.....



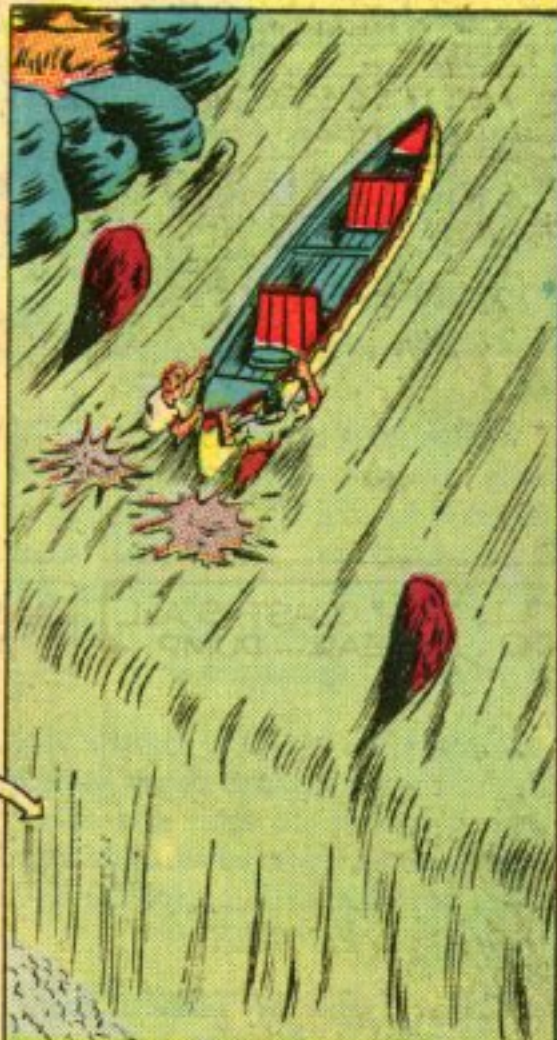
IT'S WORKING! IT'S WORKING!! KICK FASTER, SMILEY!



BUT THE AWFUL FALLS NOW LOOM AHEAD OF THE BOYS....



OH HH... GOSH! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!! C'MON! FIGHT... FIGHT HARD!!



THE CURRENT NOW BECOMES SO STRONG THAT THE BOYS ARE NO LONGER ABLE TO FIGHT AGAINST IT.....

THE CANOE CRASHES INTO A JUTTING ROCK....



HOLD TIGHT, SMILEY!

RUSTY FORCES THE CANOE OVER UPON THE ROCK..AND IT STICKS THERE, ONLY A FEW FEET FROM THE FALLS..



G-GEE, RUSTY... WELL, WE'RE LUCKY... BUT WE DID! NOW LET'S HURRY BACK TO BOYVILLE SHORE!



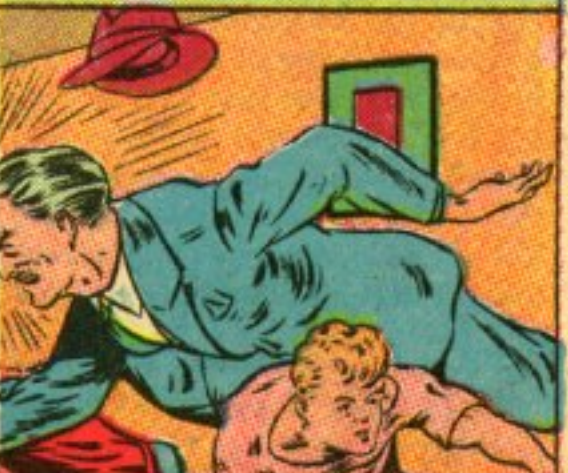
WEAK AND TIRED, THE BOYS ARRIVE JUST AS THE CROOKED FIRE INSPECTOR SERVES CAPPY JENKS WITH PAPERS FINALLY CONDEMNING THE SCHOOL...



L-LOOK! THOSE KIDS THAT WE...

LET'S BEAT IT!!

THE BOYS TRIP THE CROOKS AS THEY DASH PAST IN A WILD TRY FOR AN ESCAPE..



LATER... GRACIOUS! I WISH THE BOYS WOULD HURRY WITH THE SHERIFF. I'M TIRED OF KEEPING THESE ARTICLES KNOCKED OUT!



THUMP

The Killer

By Robert M. Hyatt



Death had struck again! This time it was Chan Gow, aged Chinese pearl merchant of the Hobart waterfront. Chan had been shot through the heart while he sat in the window of his tiny shop. No one had heard the shot.

Chan Gow was the eighth victim of the mysterious slayer in less than a month. In each case there had been no shot heard. Nor was there any clue or a motive for the killings.

The citizens of Hobart were alarmed. Nobody was safe. The police were frantic. Especially Chief Billings. At the moment Billings faced a group of his patrolmen and his voice was filled with dismay.

"Men, we're up against something bad. I don't blame you. I know you've all done everything in your power to round this killer up, but . . ."

That afternoon the papers carried the story of still another death by the phantom killer. This time it was an old net-mender who lived on the wharves. He had been shot in the back in plain view of a score of dock workers.

It was two days later that Perry Scott heard the details of the grim menace that stalked Hobart's streets. Perry had brought his cutter into Hobart for some necessary repairs before going off on another adventure. He would have two weeks. Why not spend them trying to track down the murderer?

There was little enough to work on. Indeed, nobody knew anything about the killings; they just occurred — silently and without

warning. So serious had become the situation that everyone suspected everyone else. Each day the number of persons hailed into court for technical grilling mounted.

At the end of Perry's first week in the Tasmanian city, things were pretty hot. A state of siege had been declared. People kept off the streets as much as possible, and the docks, usually crowded with all sorts of traffic, were almost deserted. Business was at a standstill.

As usual, Perry visited the court, sat through the daily show-ups of suspected criminals. But none of them was the guilty one. Stanley Hale, eminent British detective, had arrived to lend a hand. Perry met him in Chief Billings' office.

"A Maniac, of course," Hale observed. "A normal person wouldn't — couldn't — carry on so successfully. Only insane persons are so elusive."

Perry admitted the logic of that. Hale evidently didn't have any particular plan. Nobody had.

The evening of Hale's arrival, a young chap fishing in the bay slumped across the thwarts of his rowboat with a slug in his head. He was the fourteenth victim.

The next day Perry visited several of the waterfront pubs with a view to picking up gossip. It was in the Blue Boar that he met Peg-leg Gotlieb, an old salt who had forsaken the sea for the easier life. Plied with numerous mugs of ale, old Peg-leg became loquacious. What did he think of the murders?

"To tell ye the hones' truth, me lad," he said, "I got me own suspicions—"

"And they are?" Perry prompted.

"Some looney kid, prob'ly hidin' in an attic an' snipin' folks as they go about their business."

"But every house has been searched thoroughly," Perry went on.

Peg-leg chuckled. "Sure. An' still the murders happen!"

That night, two men died a mile from town of bullet wounds. One of them had been driving a car when he was hit. The car plunged off the road and careened into a house. The other victim was a youth out on a canter on a wooded bridlepath. He had been shot in the back and his horse ran off, dragging his lifeless body for a mile.

This was the first time the assassin had struck so far from town. In fact, all his previous operations



had been confined to an area less than two city blocks square. The police were plunged into hot water.

Later the same night, Perry again made the rounds of the pubs. In all of them the main topic of conversation was the double murder. Old Peg-leg sat at a table regaling a couple of young sailors with wild tales of his early prowess. Suddenly he cast a bleary eye toward the door and lowered his voice to a whisper:

"Shsss—you see that young 'un what just come in?" he asked.

Perry looked. A youth of about eighteen had entered the pub with

a small bucket in his hand. Going to the bar, he passed the bucket across and waited for his beer.

"Thass him, ef ye ast me!" old Peg-leg whispered. "Thass the kid's what's doin' th' snipin'!"

Perry didn't think so. He had seen this lad — Hanks was his name — in the court show-up. He was a mild-mannered youth who lived peacefully with his parents. Nevertheless, Perry decided to double check. He followed the boy out of the pub.

Ten minutes' walk brought them to the poorer section of Hobart, and young Hanks turned in at a small cottage. Perry waited a few moments, then he stepped up on the porch and rang the bell.

An old man opened the door.

"What do ye want?" he demanded gruffly.

"Are you Mr. Hanks?" Perry asked.

"I'm that."

"I wonder," said Perry, "if I might speak to your son?"

"He ain't here."

"But I just saw him enter."

"He ain't here!" shouted the man, and slammed the door in Perry's face.

"Hmmm!" mused Perry as he turned into the street. "Nice fellow. I wonder now . . ."

That night, Benton Niles, editor of Hobart's largest daily, was assassinated in front of the Rex Theatre. A near-panic ensued. Women screamed and men fought a milling pack in front of the brightly-lighted theatre.

Perry reached the theatre a few minutes after Niles' death. He stood well back from the crowd and watched. Suddenly he tensed. Young Hanks, his face averted, was slinking through the outer edge of the assemblage. Perry started after him, but the crowd blocked his way and by the time he got through, Hanks had disap-

peared. What did it mean? Could old Peg-leg have been right?

Perry hastened away from the theatre entrance and strolled fast in the direction he felt Hanks had gone. At the head of an alley, he heard footsteps running. He turned down the dark lane. The footsteps ended suddenly. Perry walked on silently. Then to his right he heard the footsteps mounting a stairway.

Waiting a few moments, he slipped into the dark area and then crept up the stairs. There was a single door in the small hall at the top. Perry turned the knob. The door opened easily. Quickly he stepped inside.



Someone was ransacking drawers in another room. Perry slunk across the worn carpet, his pistol ready. Then he heard a muffled clumping on the stairway outside. Only a man with a pegleg would walk like that! Perry darted behind a curtain and waited. The door opened and Gotlieb entered. In the glow of the dirty electric globe, his face was terrible, his red eyes brimming hate.

"All right," he snarled, "come out o' there!"

The old sailor had slumped in a chair and crossed his legs, facing the bedroom door. After a moment Hanks sheepishly stepped in to view. There was a book clutched

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in his hand. His face was drained of color.

"Hah!" Peg-leg chortled. "This makes it easy. Lots easier!" Hanks shivered before the angry man. Then abruptly there was a soft click, and Hanks, clutching his chest, slumped to the floor with a groan. Peg-leg's hands hadn't moved. Perry smelled the acrid tang of gunpowder.

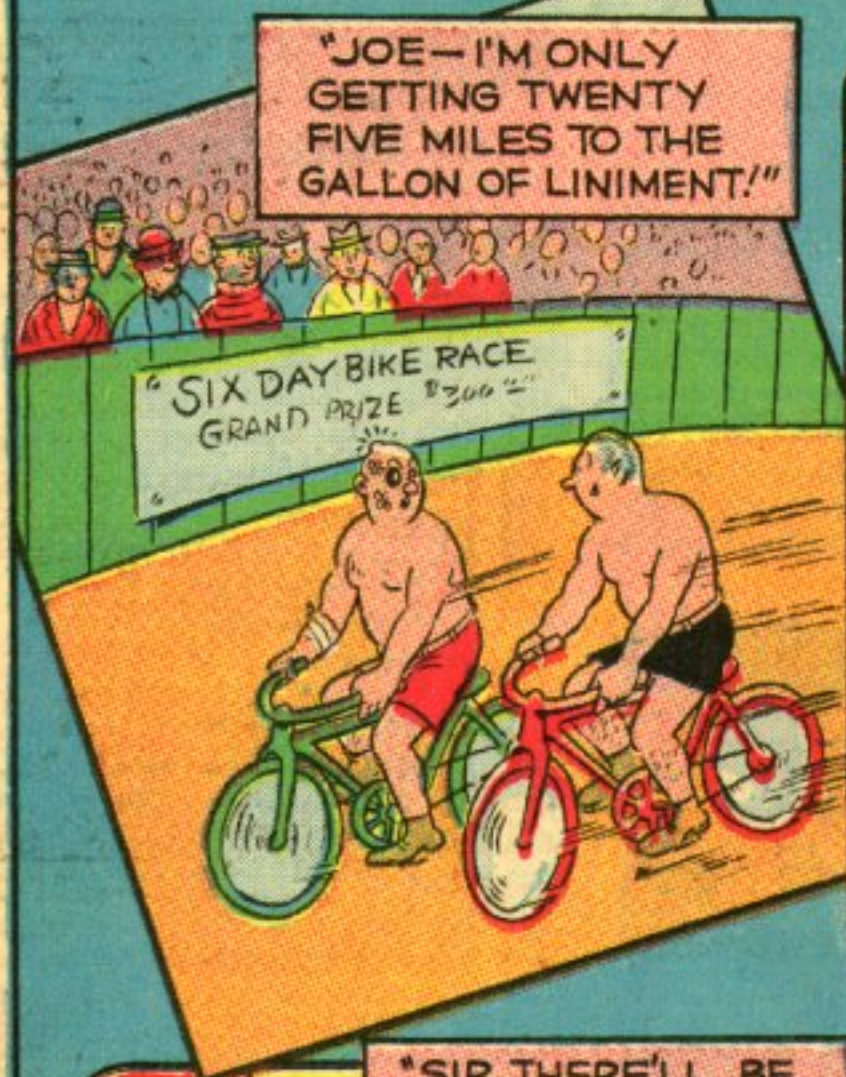
"All right, Peg-leg!" Perry snapped and leaped out, covering the man with his pistol. The old salt spun around on his chair, but Perry was too quick for him. He landed a blow to the old mariner's chin and Peg-leg went out for the count.

Perry took the book from young Hanks' hand. It was "Over-Population", a volume written by a crazed man who thought the world would soon be too small to hold all its people. Riffing its pages, he found many scrawled notes on the margins. Gotlieb evidently believed in the same thing.

Perry didn't have to see the tiny wisp of bluish smoke rising from the tip of Peg-leg's pegleg to know how the man had shot his victims. His wooden leg contained the barrel of a rifle. He manipulated the firing mechanism with a wire running from the breech to a ring on his belt. He had only to pull this ring. The rifle was equipped with a silencer.

Read SPOOK SHIP
In the September Issue of
FEATURE COMICS
ON SALE JULY 24TH

HAVE A LAUGH



Buy FEATURE COMICS each month at your regular newsstand.

THE FOILED
ASSASSINATION

Captain Bruce Blackburn COUNTERSPY.

by
HARRY
FRANCIS
CAMPBELL

CAPTAIN
BRUCE BLACKBURN, AMERICAN MILITARY
INTELLIGENCE ACE, IS OFFICIALLY DEAD. HIS FACE CHANGED
BY SURGERY, UNTIL HE AND LT. JACKSON ARE TWINS, HE WARS
AGAINST SPIES FROM A FAKE ANTIQUE SHOP FRONT.....

AFTER TOMORROW FRANTZ,
ANY ALLIANCE BETWEEN SOLVONIA
AND AMERICA WILL BE
IMPOSSIBLE! IT IS ARRANGED!



IN NEW YORK, ENEMY AGENTS PLOT



ON THE ATLANTIC, NEARING OUR
SHORES, IS A CAREFULLY GUARDED
LINER, CARRYING THE KING AND QUEEN
OF SOLVONIA ON A GOOD-WILL MISSION.

THESE REPORTS OF AN ATTEMPT
TO ASSASSINATE THE KING AND
QUEEN PERSIST. **SOMETHING
MUST BE DONE!**



BUT WHAT?

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS

THE ALARM! SOMEONE'S IN THE
TUNNEL!



IN HIS "H" ST. HOUSE CONNECTED
WITH THE "SHOP" BY A SECRET
TUNNEL, BRUCE BLACKBURN WAKES.

A STEALTHY FIGURE MOUNTS THE
STAIRS LEADING INTO THE HOUSE.



DROP THAT GUN, AND
GET YOUR HANDS UP!



SUDDENLY LIGHTS BLAZE ON

NOW, TALK FAST! WHAT DO
YOU WANT HERE!



I KNOW NOTHING!

SO THAT'S HOW IT IS!
SERGT. GURK!
COME HERE!



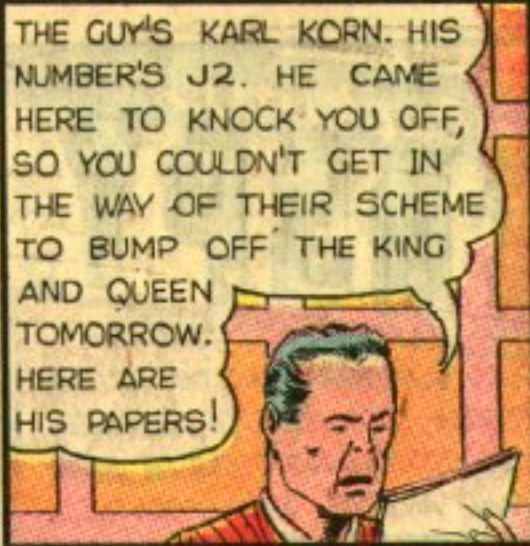
WHAT'S UP, CAPTAIN? WHO'S THIS?



THIS SPY WON'T
TALK! SEE IF YOU
CAN CHANGE HIS
MIND!



FIVE MINUTES LATER GURK RETURNS TO BRUCE.....



THE GUY'S KARL KORN. HIS NUMBER'S J2. HE CAME HERE TO KNOCK YOU OFF, SO YOU COULDN'T GET IN THE WAY OF THEIR SCHEME TO BUMP OFF THE KING AND QUEEN TOMORROW. HERE ARE HIS PAPERS!



THEY WANT TO CAUSE TROUBLE BETWEEN SOLVONIA AND THE U.S.

IF THAT ROYAL PAIR ARE KILLED, THERE WILL BE TROUBLE



AS SOON AS HE BUMPED YOU OFF, THIS SPY WAS TO JOIN THE REST OF THEM IN NEW YORK, AND HELP TAKE CARE OF THE KING AND QUEEN!

THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



KORN, DO THE SPIES IN NEW YORK KNOW YOU?

I WON'T TELL YOU!



NO? SERGT. GURK!!

NO-NO! I'LL TALK! THEY'VE NEVER SEEN ME!



KEEP THAT SPY LOCKED UP TIGHTLY, SERGT. GURK!

HEY, CAP'N.~ WHERE YOU GOIN'?

TEN MINUTES LATER



TO NEW YORK, TO BECOME KARL KORN, ENEMY AGENT J2! NOTIFY MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, WILL YOU?



THIS IS THE PLACE!

NEXT MORNING IN NEW YORK....



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'M J2.



SO YOU'RE KORN, J2? DID YOU TAKE CARE OF THAT AMERICAN AT THE ANTIQUE SHOP?

NO MORE WILL HE BOTHER US



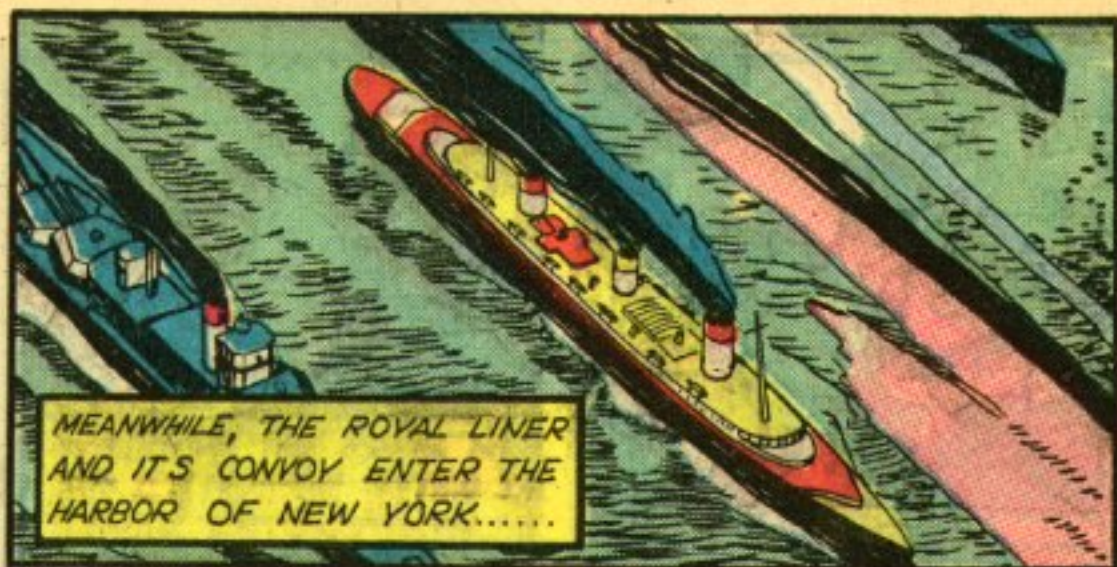
COME! IN ANOTHER 5 MINUTES WE WOULD HAVE BEEN GONE FROM HERE! THE KING AND QUEEN ARE AS GOOD AS DEAD NOW!

HOW WILL WE MANAGE IT?

BUT UNTIL THE LAST MINUTE,
NO ONE WILL KNOW WHERE
THE KING AND QUEEN WILL
LAND!

WE HAVE
TAKEN CARE
OF THAT
J2!

BRUCE AND THE SPY GO
TO A PRIVATE PIER.....



MEANWHILE, THE ROYAL LINER
AND ITS CONVOY ENTER THE
HARBOR OF NEW YORK.....

A POLICE CORDON SURROUNDS
PIER 11, WHERE THE ROYAL
COUPLE WILL LAND.....



EVERYTHING READY, PRATZ?
IT IS, EXCELLENCY!



BRUCE IS TAKEN ABOARD A YACHT

WHAT IS THAT SPEED BOAT
FOR?

THAT? IT'S RADIO
CONTROLLED...



—AND LOADED WITH
T.N.T!

WOW!
CLEVER!



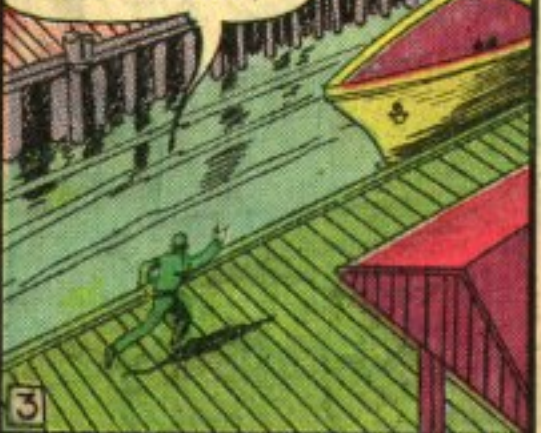
WHAT A FIENDISH PLOT!
THEY PLAN TO SEND THAT
FLOATING BOMB CRASHING
INTO WHICHEVER PIER
THE KING AND QUEEN
USE. IF I CAN WRECK
THE CONTROLS HERE...



MEANWHILE, THE REAL
J2 HAS ESCAPED FROM
SERGT. GURK AND IS
IN NEW YORK.....



STOP!...WAIT!



HE SPRINTS TOWARD THE YACHT

STOP! WHO ARE YOU?

THE REAL J2!
KARL KORN!



AND THAT MAN IS AN
AMERICAN AGENT!

WHAT! SIEZE
HIM!





BRUCE IS ATTACKED FROM ALL SIDES



HE ACCOUNTS FOR THREE SPIES,



I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIM. TIE HIM IN THE SPEED BOAT!

BUT IS FINALLY SUBDUED.....



START THE BOAT!



MOTOR ROARING, THE SPEED BOAT HEADS FOR THE PIER WHERE THE ROYAL PARTY IS LANDING.....



WITH A SUPERHUMAN WRENCH, BRUCE BREAKS THE LIGHT RAIL



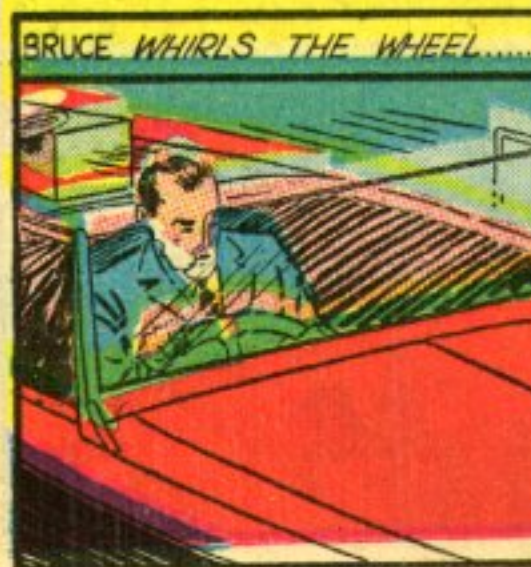
.... CUTS THE ROPES BINDING HIS HANDS.....



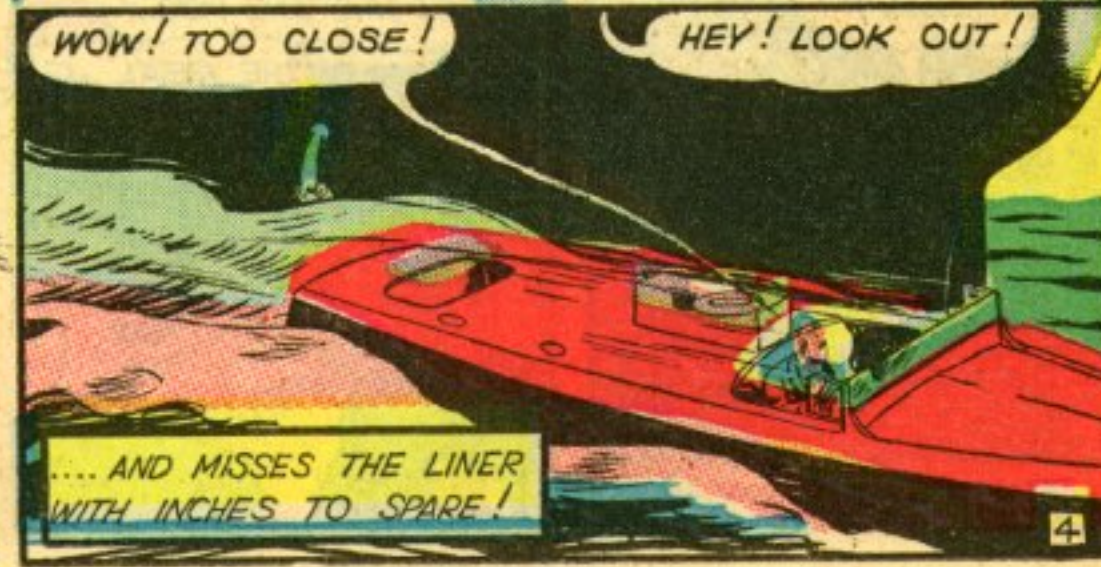
THAT FIXES THE RADIO CONTROL!



BUT THE ROYAL LINER IS DANGEROUSLY NEAR



BRUCE WHIRLS THE WHEEL.....



WOW! TOO CLOSE!

HEY! LOOK OUT!

.... AND MISSES THE LINER WITH INCHES TO SPARE!

ON THE SPY YACHT, CONSTERNATION
REIGNS AS THE PLOT FAILS....

SOMETHING HAS GONE
WRONG!



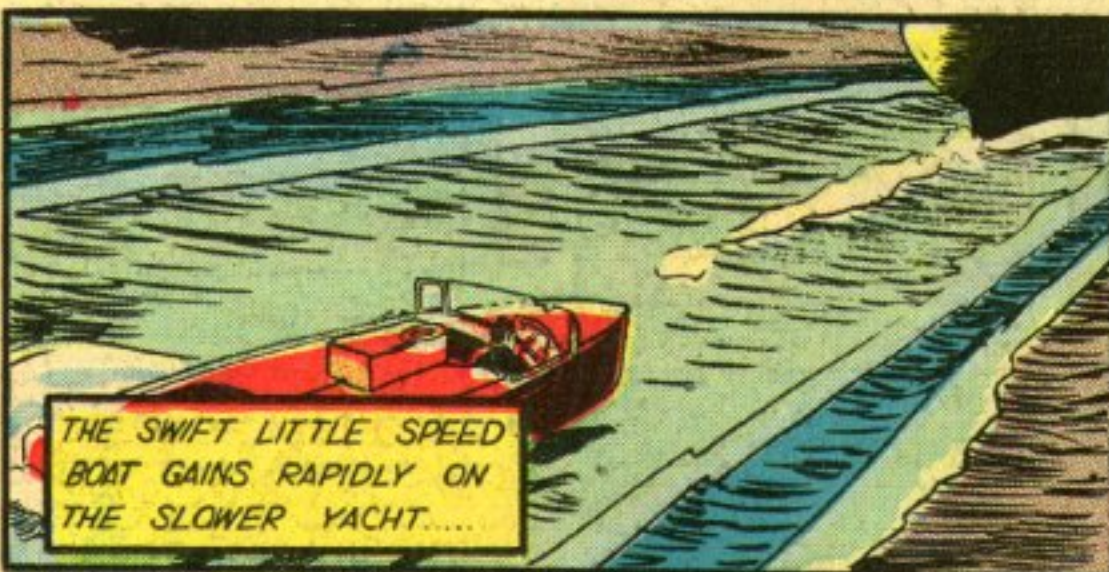
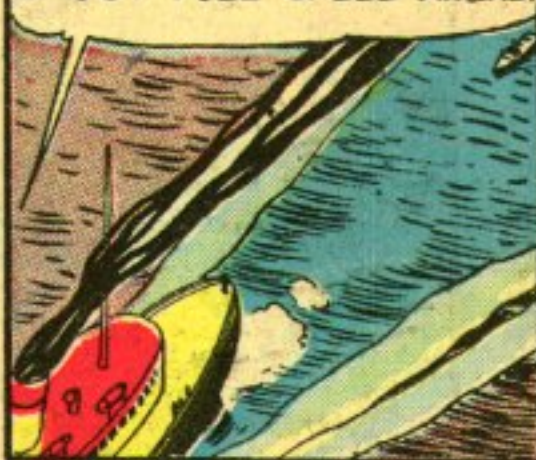
THAT AMERICAN
AGENT!

I'M AFRAID MY ANTIQUE SHOP
"FRONT" IS USELESS, UNLESS I
SILENCE THOSE SPIES.



BRUCE HEADS BACK TO THE SPIES.

THAT BOAT! IT'S COMING BACK
AT US! FULL SPEED AHEAD.



THE SWIFT LITTLE SPEED
BOAT GAINS RAPIDLY ON
THE SLOWER YACHT....

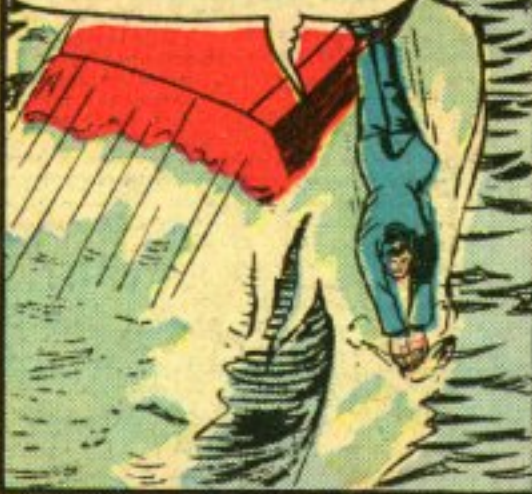
THERE'S A POLICE BOAT! I'LL
HEAD OVER THERE AND GET
THEIR HELP!



I CAN'T TURN THIS BOAT!
THE RUDDER'S JAMMED!
I'LL HIT THAT SPY BOAT!
I'M GOING.....



..... OVERBOARD!!

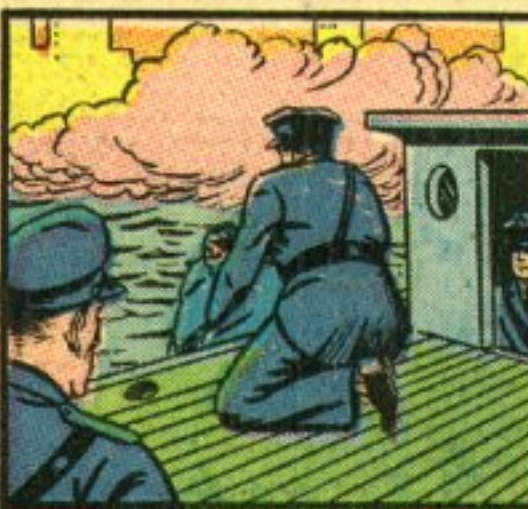


AND A MINUTE LATER....



BOOM!

THE ANTIQUE SHOP "FRONT"
IS SAFE ONCE MORE!



THE POLICE BOAT RESCUES HIM

DO I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT
THE EXPLOSION? NOT A THING,
EXCEPT IT KNOCKED ME OFF
A FERRY BOAT!



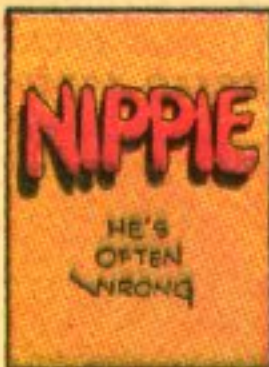
COL. JORDAN? BRUCE CALLING.
THAT EXPLOSION IN NEW YORK
WAS INTENDED FOR THE
KING AND QUEEN, BUT
GOT THE SPIES INSTEAD!



LATER

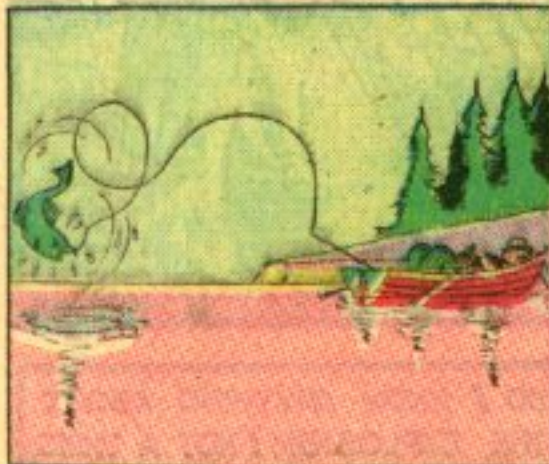
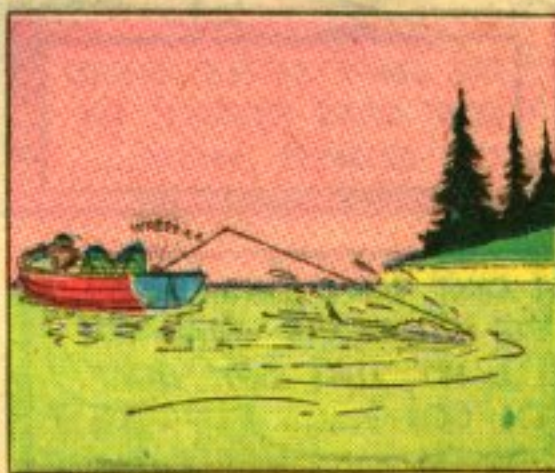
5

Follow Bruce Blackburn, Counterspy, in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS.



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

WHAT'CHA
DOIN' WITH
THE BOTTLE,
NIPPIE?

CATCHIN'
BEES---
THEY FLY
RIGHT INTO
IT, SEE?

DON'T
THEY
STING YA?

NO! WATCH
ME CATCH
THIS ONE
NOW--

OOWW!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

CAN'T YA GET
ME A FREE
TICKET TO
THE FIGHT
TONIGHT,
MICHAEL?

I'LL TRY TO,
UNCLE PHIL---
MEET ME AT
THE COMMISSION
OFFICE FOR THE
WEIGHING-
IN.

SO SLUGGER
MC SLUGG IS
GIVIN' YA A
RINGSIDE
SEAT, EH
PHIL?

SURE--HE'S A
CLOSE PAL
OF MINE! I'M
GOIN' OVER AN'
SEE HIM WEIGH
IN RIGHT NOW--

BUT, MICHAEL--
I EVEN BET
HOULIHAN
FIVE BUCKS
THAT I'D HAVE
A RINGSIDE
SEAT!

I'M SORRY,
UNCLE PHIL--
I CAN'T GET A
TICKET FROM
ANYBODY!!

WELL THEN,
WILL YA AT
LEAST
INTRODUCE
ME TO
MC SLUGG?

G-GEE--HE'S
GROUCHY, BUT
I'LL ASK HIS
MANAGER AN'
MAYBE--

OKAY, MICKEY--
BRING THAT
GUY IN!

SAY--
WHAT
MAKES
MC SLUGG
LOOK SO
WORRIED?

HE HAD A DREAM LAST NIGHT
IN WHICH HE SAW A GUY GET
KNOCKED OUT--AND HE THINKS
IT MEANT THAT HELL GET
KAYOED TONIGHT! HE BELIEVES
IN DREAMS!

SO YOU
SHOWED
JEFFRIES
HOW TO
LICK CORBETT,
EH?

SURE! I TOLD
HIM TO FEINT
WITH HIS LEFT
AN' CROSS HIS
RIGHT TO THE
CHIN LIKE---

---THIS!!

SOCK!

HA-HA!! TH'
SAP KNOCKED
HIMSELF
OUT!

WHOOPEEE!!
HE'S TH' GUY
MY DREAM
MEANT WOULD
BE KNOCKED OUT!
AN' NOT ME!

HE'S OKAY
NOW, SLUGGER
--WE'LL TAKE
HIM OUTSIDE!

NO SIR!! THIS
BIRD STAYS
WITH ME TILL
AFTER THIS
FIGHT--HE'S
MY LUCKY
CHARM!!

YEA!
HERE
COMES
MC SLUGG
NOW!

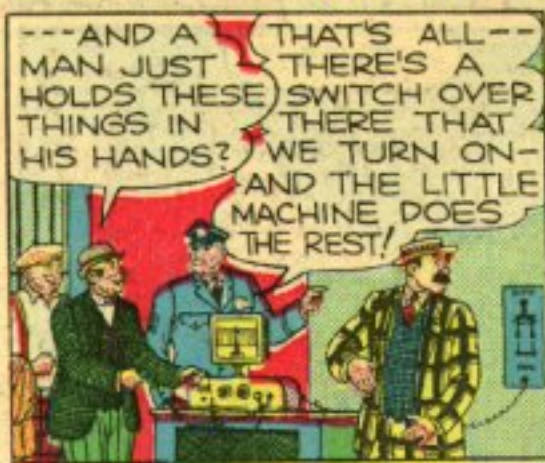
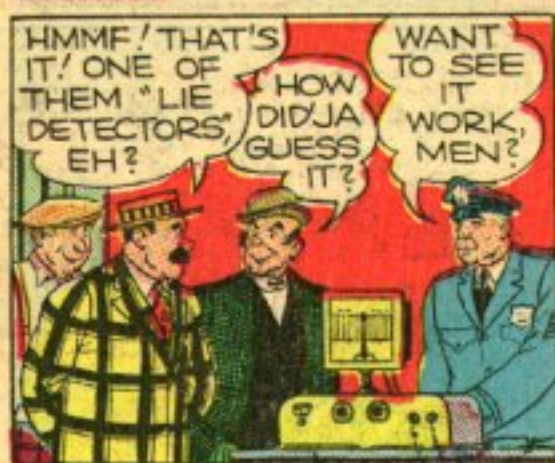
L-LOOK,
HOULIHAN!!
D'YOU SEE
WHAT I
SEE?

GANGWAY,
FOLKS!



MICKEY FINN

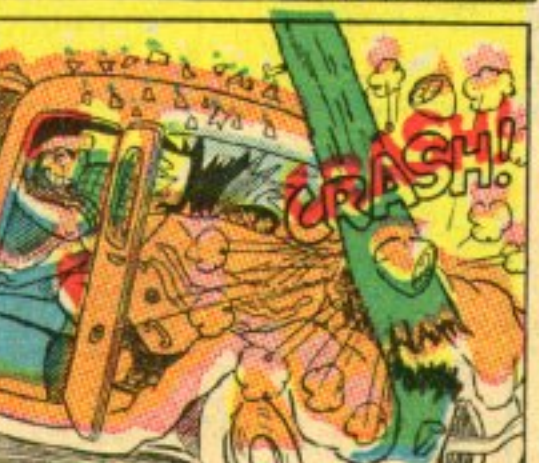
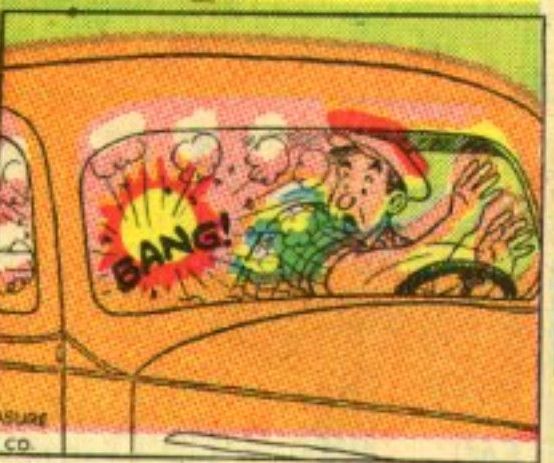
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

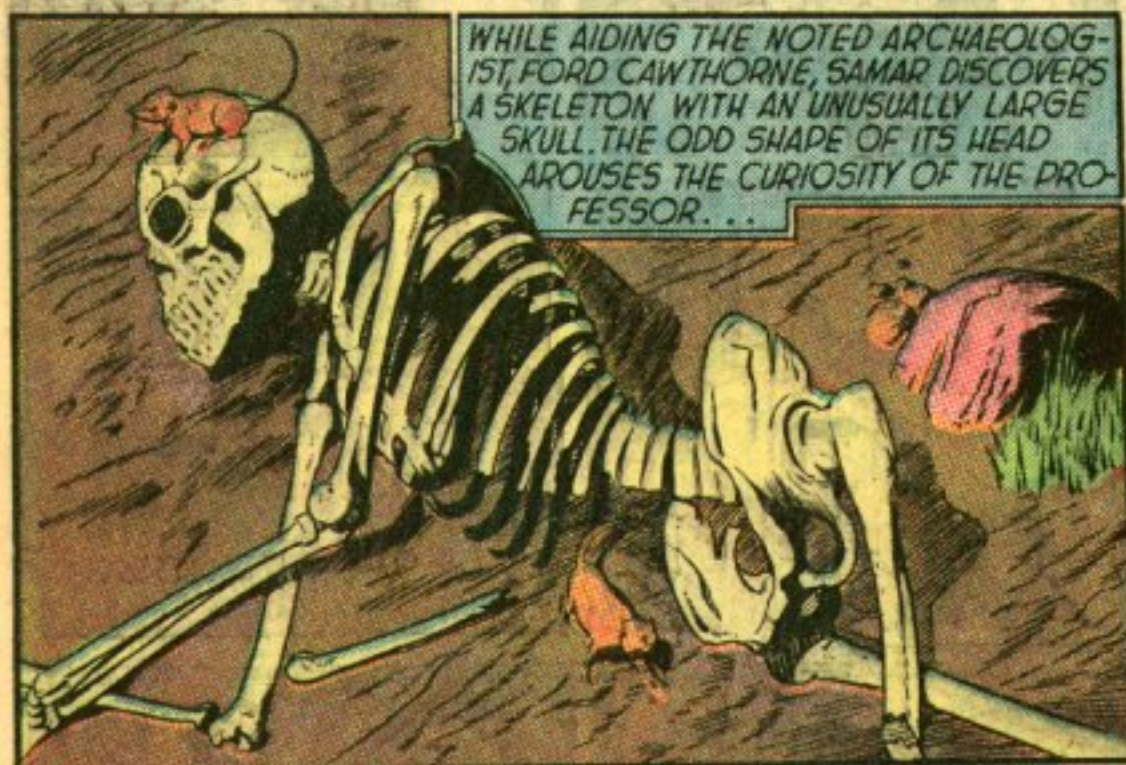
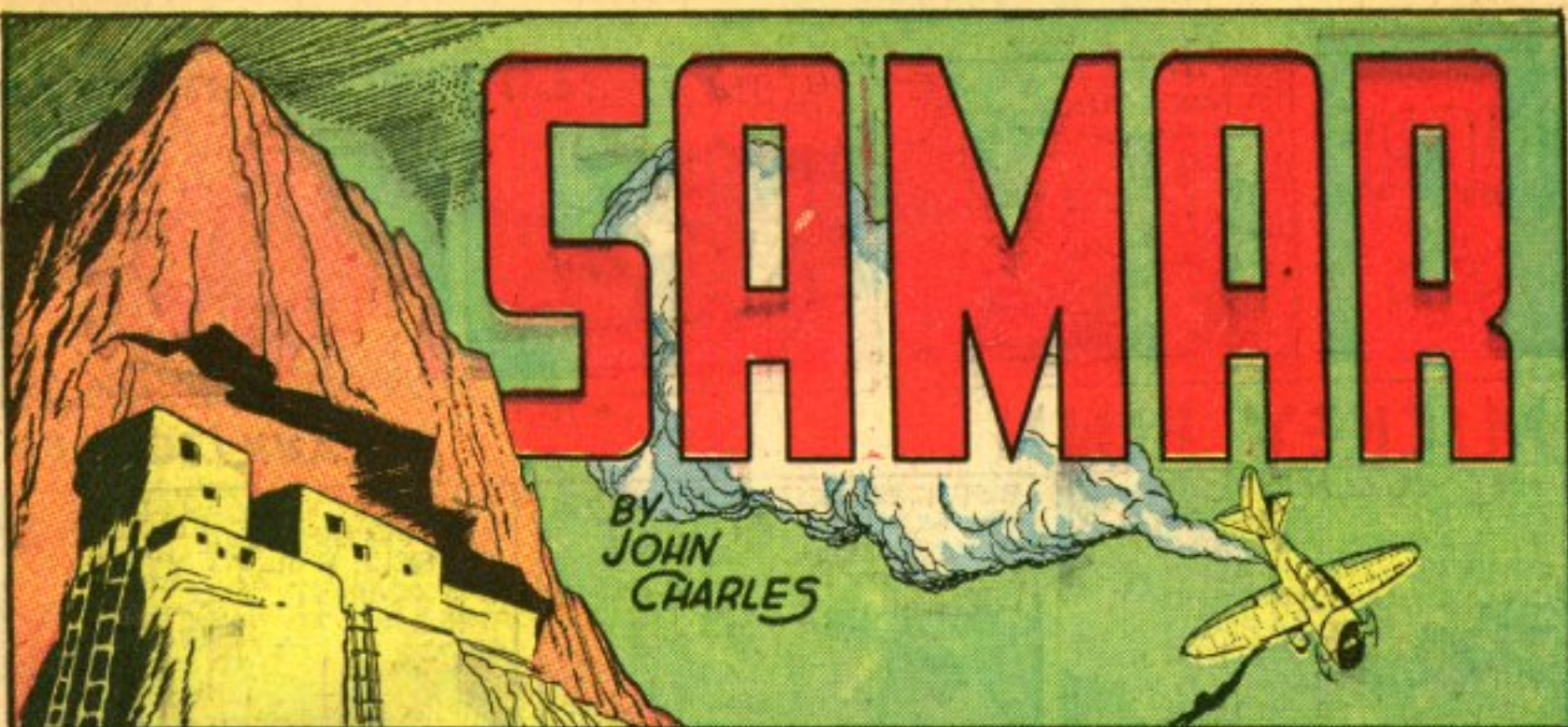
By LANK LEONARD



More of Mickey Finn in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS — on sale July 24th.

SAMAR

BY
JOHN
CHARLES



WHILE AIDING THE NOTED ARCHAEOLOGIST, FORD CAWTHORNE, SAMAR DISCOVERS A SKELETON WITH AN UNUSUALLY LARGE SKULL. THE ODD SHAPE OF ITS HEAD AROUSES THE CURIOSITY OF THE PROFESSOR...



SAMAR, THIS IS THE MOST UNUSUAL DISCOVERY I'VE COME ACROSS IN ALL MY EXPERIENCES. NO DOUBT IT'S A MAN'S HEAD!



I JUDGE IT TO BE ABOUT A MILLION YEARS OLD. IT'S HUGE JAW PUZZLES ME... I'VE NEVER KNOWN OF A HUMAN WITH A JAW LIKE THIS!

SAMAR POINTS OUT TO PROFESSOR CAWTHORNE A MARSHLAND, WHICH NO MAN HAS DARED TO TRANSGRESS...



IF WE COULD ONLY CROSS THE MARSHLANDS, WE MIGHT FIND THE ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY OF THE SKULL!



IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO CROSS IT BECAUSE OF THE QUICKSAND, PROFESSOR!

I'VE AN IDEA! WE'LL USE MY PLANE WHICH IS NOW AT BASE HEADQUARTERS.

ARRIVING AT THE BASE, SAMAR AND PROFESSOR CAWTHORNE PREPARE FOR THE TRIP OVER THE DANGEROUS MARSHLANDS.



I'LL GET THE NECESSARY EQUIPMENT FOR TAKING BACK LIVING SPECIMENS THAT MIGHT EXIST THERE!

GOOD IDEA!



WITH GREAT SPEED, THE PLANE HASTENS THE MEN TO THEIR DESTINATION.



CROSSING PEAKED, WEIRD-LOOKING MOUNTAIN RANGES, NEVER BEFORE SEEN BY CIVILIZED MAN, THEY NOTICE STRANGE BEINGS MOVING ABOUT BELOW THEM.



ON THE GROUND, MEN LOOK UPON THE PLANE WITH AWE... THEY HAVE NEVER SEEN A BIRD LIKE THIS BEFORE.

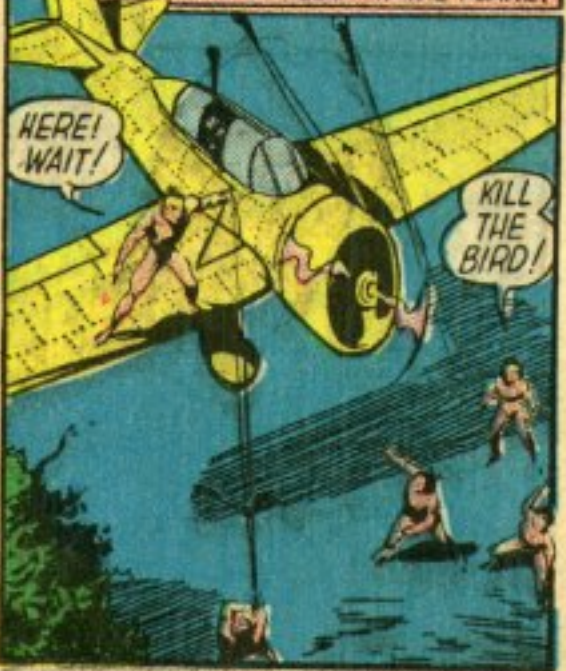


MOJO! WHAT STRANGE CREATURE IS THIS?

PROFESSOR, LOWER THE PLANE, SO THAT I CAN HOP OFF INTO THE TREES! WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL TO LAND!



AS SAMAR IS ABOUT TO JUMP, A VOLLEY OF PREHISTORIC CLUBS IS HURLED AT THE PLANE.



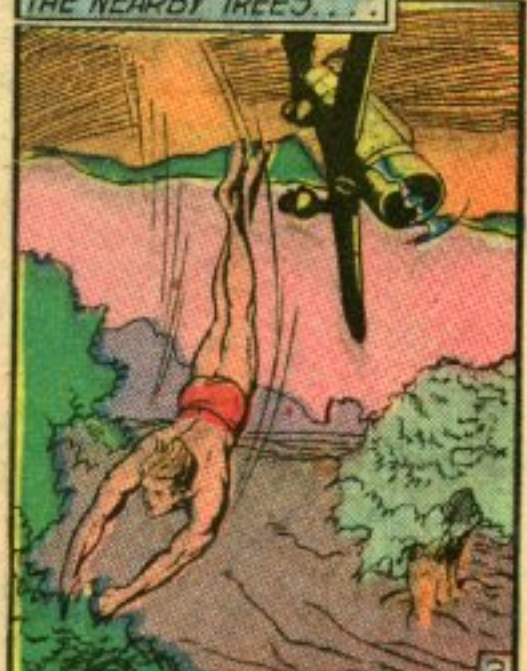
HERE! WAIT!

KILL THE BIRD!

SUDDENLY, THE PILOT IS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BY A SHARPLY AIMED CLUB...



WITH THE GRACE OF A DIVER, SAMAR LEAPS FROM THE PLANE INTO THE NEARBY TREES...



AS SAMAR SWOOPS DOWN, HE GRASPS A PROTECTING LIMB.



HE TURNS ABOUT QUICKLY TO SEE IF THE PROFESSOR HAS LANDED SAFELY.



THE PLANE IS BADLY DAMAGED. AS IT SINKS INTO THE SOFT EARTH, THE PASSENGERS BARELY ESCAPE.



PROFESSOR CAWTHORNE AND HIS PILOT ARE TAKEN PRISONERS BY A STRANGE TRIBE... SAMAR DROPS FROM A TREE AND RUSHES TO AID HIS FRIENDS.



AS HE APPROACHES, A HUGE SHARD-TOOTHED CLUB IS FLUNG AT HIM...



MISSING SAMAR BY A HAIR, THE APE-LIKE CREATURE CHARGES AT HIM WITH THE FURY OF A BULL.



WITH GREAT FORCE, SAMAR THROWS HIS OPPONENT OVER HIS SHOULDER...



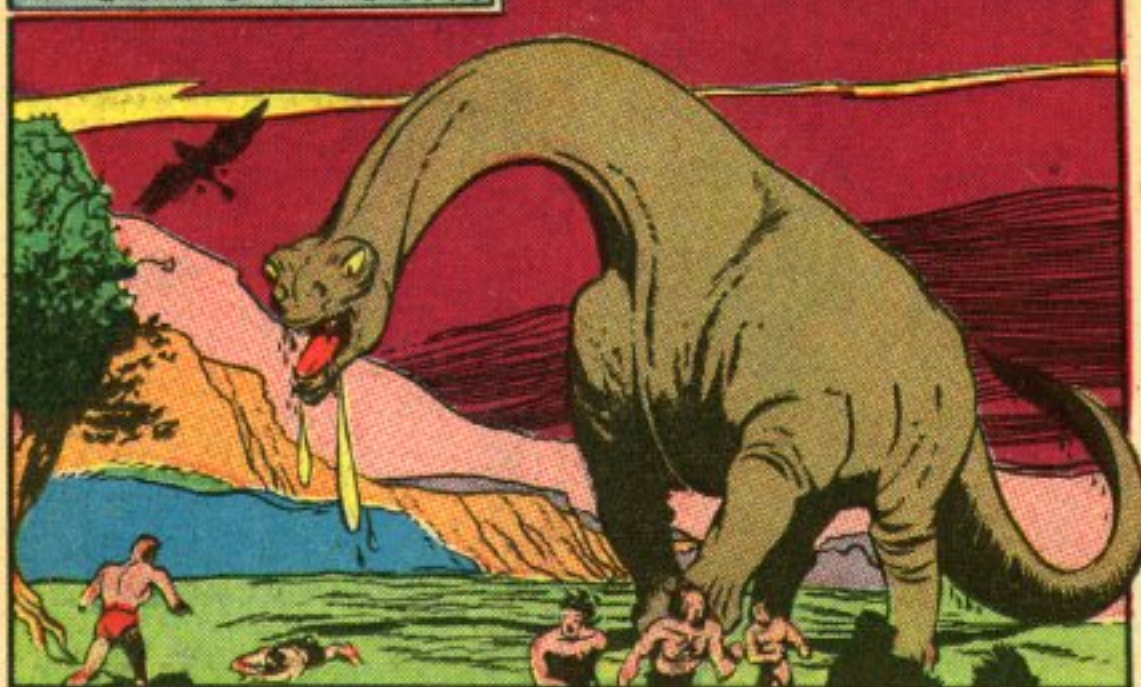
THE STRANGE ONE LANDS WITH A TERRIFIC THUD. WHILE ABOVE THEM LOOMS A HUGE BROTOSAURUS, THIRSTING FOR BLOOD.



SAMAR'S KEEN JUNGLE SENSES TELL HIM OF THE NEW IMPENDING DANGER...



CAUTIOUSLY, SAMAR TRIES TO GRASP HIS VICTIM FROM THE JAWS OF THIS GIGANTIC MONSTER. . . .



AS THE REPTILE IS ABOUT TO DEVOUR THE FALLEN ONE, SAMAR HURLS A STONE TO DIVERT ITS ATTENTION. . .



WITH AN ANGRY SNORT, THE HUGE BRONTOSAURUS TURNS TO SAMAR, JUST AS HE LEADS TO A TREE LIMB. . .



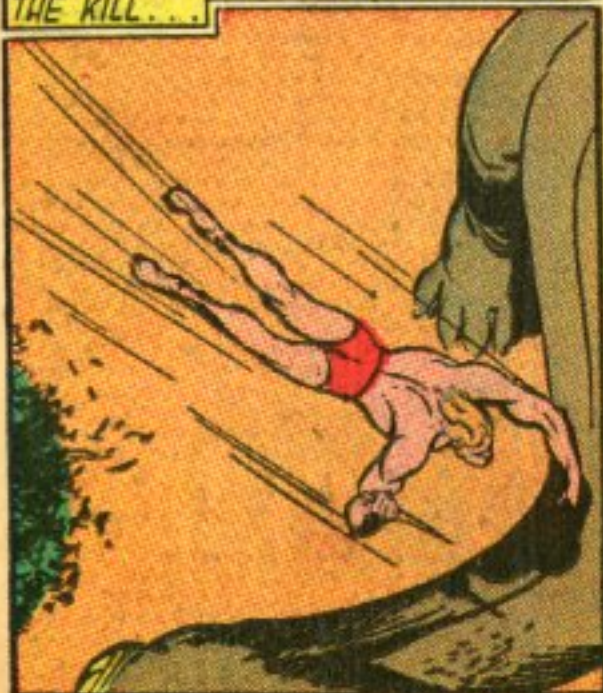
NIMBLY, SAMAR CLIMBS TO A SPOT FROM WHICH TO LEAP ONTO THE VICIOUS PREHISTORIC REPTILE. . .



THE STUPID CREATURE SEARCHES BLINDLY FOR SAMAR. . . HE POKES HIS SNOUT EVERYWHERE BUT IN THE RIGHT PLACE. . .



WITH THE SWIFTESS OF A BIRD AND WITH HIS DAGGER DRAWN, SAMAR AIMS FOR THE KILL. . .



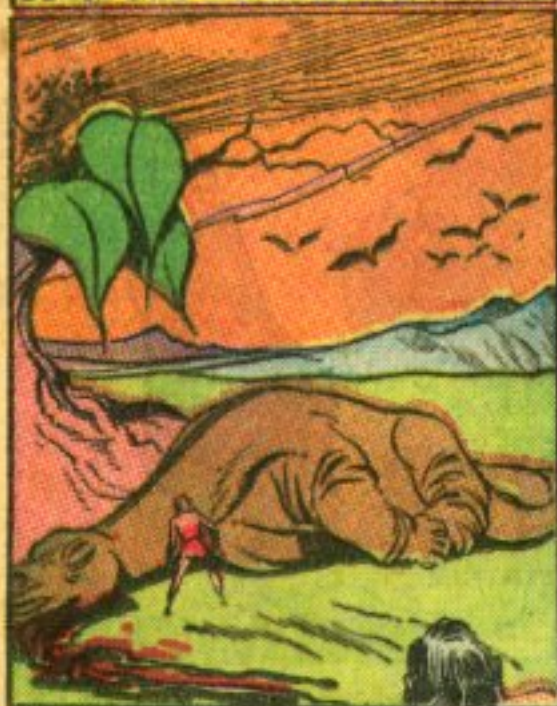
HE SINKS THE SHARP BLADE INTO THE SOFT TISSUES OF THE GIGANTIC REPTILE, WHO STRUGGLES DESPERATELY TO THROW HIS LITTLE TORMENTOR OFF. . .



JUNGLE BORN SAMAR KNOWS THAT THE MOST VICIOUS CREATURES ARE HIGHLY VULNERABLE IN THE THROAT. AGAIN AND AGAIN HIS KNIFE FINDS ITS MARK. . .



AFTER A TERRIFIC TUSSLE, THE HUGE BEAST LIES MORTALLY WOUNDED.



WITH AN UNEARTHLY SHRIEK, THE CHIEF TRIES TO SHOW SAMAR HIS GRATITUDE FOR SAVING THE LIFE OF HIS TRIBESMAN...



WITH THE AID OF SAMAR AND THE CAVEMEN, PROFESSOR CAWTHORNE MAKES A SUCCESSFUL STUDY OF HIS NEW DISCOVERIES.



AS THE THREE MAKE READY TO LEAVE, THE EARTH SUDDENLY SHUD-
DERS VIOLENTLY.



MAN AND BEAST TRY HELPLESSLY TO ESCAPE THE DISASTER. ONE BY ONE THEY DROP LIKE LITTLE TIN SOLDIERS... THE HOT SWIRLING EARTH BURIES MANY OF THEM ALIVE.



BY A MIRACLE, SAMAR MANAGES TO LEAD HIS FRIENDS AND A SURVIVING CAVEMAN TO THE PLANE.



LIKE A BIRD ESCAPING A GUNSHOT, THE PLANE SWOOPS TO SAFETY...



THANK HEAVEN IT'S BEHIND US!



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Enjoy **THE DOLL MAN** in the September issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale July 24th.

A MACBEAGLE CAN SMELL A BARGAIN!



A LIFE-SCOUT NAMED SANDY MACBEAGLE,
LACKED A BIKE MERIT-BADGE TO BE EAGLE.
BUT HIS BIKE, OLD AND RUSTED,
ON THE TEST-DAY GOT BUSTED,
SO HIS FEELINGS WERE DOWNRIGHT ILLEGAL!

BUT THE CLERK KNEW WITH WHOM HE WAS DEALING,
SO, HIS WINK AT YOUNG SANDY CONCEALING,
HE REMARKED TO MACBEAGLE,
WITH MANNER QUITE REGAL,
"THE PRICE, SIR, INCLUDES THE FREE-WHEELING!"



NOW, HIS DAD, A BIG SCOTSMAN, AND THRIFTY,
AT THE STORE SAW A BIKE REALLY NIFTY—
SAID: "O' COORSE, LAD, 'TIS NICE,
"BUT, HOOT NOW, SEE THE PRICE!
"WHY, I CANNA PAY THOT FOR A GIFTIE!"

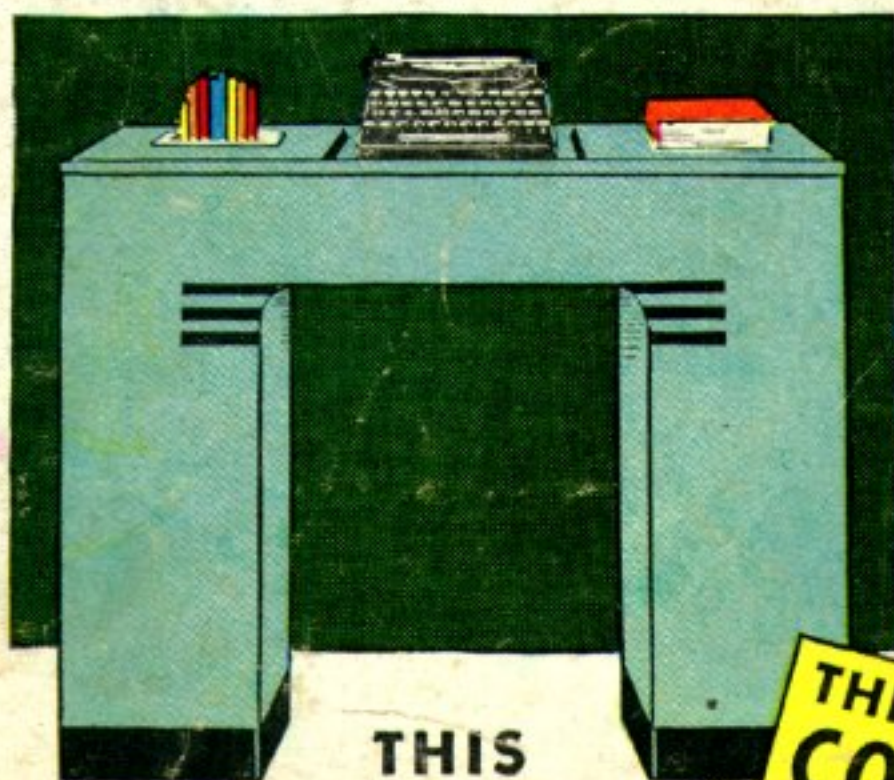
NOW THAT MEANT A COASTER-BRAKE, MERELY—
A MORROW, WHICH RIDERS PRIZE DEARLY!
BUT "FREE" WAS ENOUGH
TO SELL THE SCOT TOUGH,
SO ALL THREE WERE CONTENTED, SINCERELY!



Be sure your new bike has a big Morrow Coaster Brake.
Quick stopping, easy pedaling, long coasting; more ball
bearings (31) than any other brake. Made
by Bendix, foremost auto brake builder. Look
for the name, MORROW, on the arm. You
can get a Morrow on any bike; ask for it!



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ON THIS BARGAIN
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